

# STANSTEAD COLLEGE

1940





DR. C. W. COLBY

And his Campaign Committee raised the money

R. G. DAVIDSON, M.P.

And his Building Committee attended to  
the Building Details

E. I. BAROTT, ARCHITECT

Drew the Plans of the Building

WALTER J. ARMSTRONG, ENGINEER

Drew the Mechanical Plans

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, ARCHITECT

Supervised the Work

D. W. DAVIS, Esq., Chairman of the Board  
and REV. ERROL C. AMARON, Principal

Co-operated with everybody

And it was our pleasure to add the name of :-

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*Ad multos annos.*

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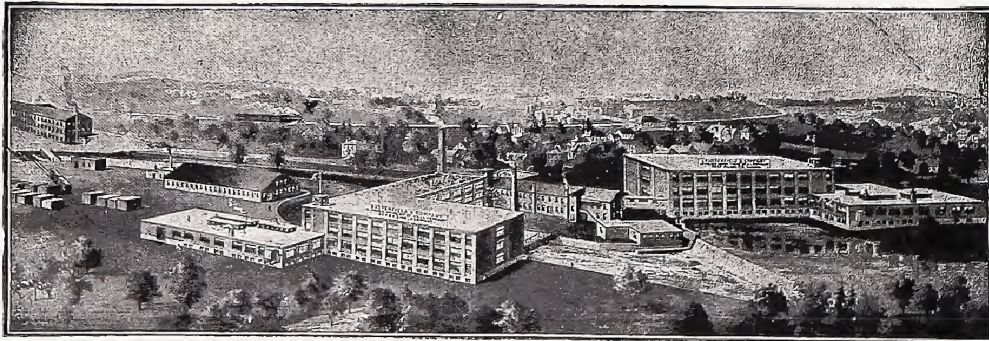
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Founded 1872

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REV. ERROL C. AMARON, M.A., B.D., Principal







### Dedication

We gratefully dedicate this volume of the Stanstead College Annual to all those whose efforts have resulted in the splendid new main building which now adorns our campus.



## **The Principal's Message to the Graduating Classes**

It is with mixed feelings that I write my message to the graduating classes of 1940. I rejoice with you in our splendid new main building and I shall always remember you as the first graduating class from this building. My thoughts, however, are saddened because contrary to all our hopes we find the world once more at war. Everything that we hold sacred is in real danger of being obliterated. Fortunately, every day sees more and more people realizing that the present plight of humanity is critical and every hour brings its increase of strength to the forces resisting the invader.

If the Class of 1940 follows the example of the Class of 1915, which lived in a day very much like your own, then many of you will before long be engaged in a death struggle with a powerful foe and the result of this struggle will spell either despair or hope for your race. Your fathers did not falter in the duty that lay before them. I know you will not. Wherever you may go, whatever you may do, remember that you will always find at your Alma Mater, understanding friends ready to share your joys and your sorrows.

Good-bye and God bless you.

Ever your friend,

ERROL C. AMARON.

# STANSTEAD COLLEGE ANNUAL

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## EDITORIAL

"The old order changeth, yielding place to men . . ."

This quotation fits aptly the trend of events at Stanstead College during the past year. Ever since September we have been watching the construction of the new building—watching it grow from a maze of steel and brick to a school. Now we are in it, and it more than fulfills our expectations. Few people who have not been in Stanstead

since the fire can realize how much this building means to us, and the changes which it has made in our school life. The change, however, must not consist wholly in material things. We cannot live in the traditions of the past however fine they may be. Our college is changing—all progressive institutions must—for better or worse. We hope that our magazine shows in some small measure this spirit of progress.—*The Editors.*



### LARRY DELANEY

Larry Delaney is a person whom I shall always think of as mysterious and romantic. Knowing him as I did, when I was a child, he seemed one of those rare grown-ups who hadn't grown up in the regular way, but one who had the sense of boys and girls together with the advantage of being old. He could travel wherever and whenever he wished; never had to go to bed or get dressed up; and could sleep in a barn if the spirit moved him. He couldn't have been so very old, but was weather-beaten and grizzled. His bushy hair, beetling brows, jutting nose, and the fact that his teeth were practically non-existent gave him a rather terrifying appearance. But old Larry was anything but terrifying. He'd come to "The Hill" and stay a week or so at a time, doing any odd jobs that happened his way. He always stayed at Aunt Ethel's because she was the only one who would keep a tramp anywhere but in the shed. During those visits, Aunt Ethel's kitchen became our particular rendez-vous.

Those were times of great excitement. Aunt Ethel had a temper and Larry was inclined to be somewhat lazy. Once he was painting her verandah. The paint had to be mixed with some kind of oil, and Larry was told where to find it, and how to go about the mixing. The job was half done, with much complaining and blaspheming on Larry's part, when Aunt Ethel discovered that instead of mixing the paint with the proposed oil he had used maple syrup! Larry's stay was very short that time. The verandah didn't dry for months and months.

He always had a great stock of songs and stories with which he entertained us. "Hallelujah I'm a Bum" was a specialty which we applauded heartily. He also had a collection of scars and physical defects which were extremely interesting to us. His broken leg and "bloody back" were the most common of these. I always wondered what it meant to have a "bloody back."

I suppose that Larry was really bone-lazy, impractical, and something of a rogue. He certainly had the wanderlust — "itching feet," as he called it; but in the way those mystical personalities like Puck of Pooks Hill or the Little Green Man had it. It seems ages since last I saw him, hobbling over the brow of the hill with his knobby cane and old brown sack, his face turned in an old, grim smile of goodbye.

### KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

How people love to be in style! The idea of getting a new coat "because they are worn two inches shorter now" is literally, almost as old as the hills. The Chinese women started it by binding their feet, probably to keep them small like those of some princess or goddess.

Men probably think keeping in fashion is a woman's practice. But have they forgotten the period of Louis XVI? At that time men were very proud when they could show off their new powdered wigs curled in the latest mode or their new patent leather shoes with red heels or silver buckles.

But men in one respect are better than women. They can be happy in a house because it's home. But if Mrs. Next-Door Neighbour moves to Rosemount Avenue, many women aren't happy until they're at least at Elmwood Street.

But people in general are always being snooty. They join the book-of-the-month club even though they hate reading because Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So across the street, who really enjoy reading, are members. They go to see Clark Gable and Joan Crawford in "Strange Cargo" because they just couldn't go to the bowling alley or the bridge club without having seen it.

I wonder if people will ever be satisfied with their own way of living and stop trying to ape everyone else?

AUDREY NICKLE. GRADE IX.

### THE SCHOOL ROOM

Rows of desks like tombstones in a grave yard,  
Blackboards like funeral weeds, grey with dust,  
The teachers' desk, a seat of judgment and deserts;  
a holy place, loud in command.  
Squirming brats, with pale faces and ink-stained hands,  
Mumbling and snuffing, breathing in the smell of  
lead and ink erasers,  
A veritable den of learning, where books are duties  
and the voice reproach.

JOYCE FORD.

### STAR-CROWNED

The rock stood forth outlined in radiant glow.  
A blinding light had pierced the faint grey morn  
When Jesus led the Spring-time from the tomb,  
An open portal to a world new-born.  
Like sun on prison walls His presence shines;  
The morning star ascends for Him alone;  
His glory lights the world with magic wand  
Since angel hands have rolled away the stone.  
—Dorothy Sproule.

## WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT?

Have you ever detected something that you couldn't call anything, something to do with the emotions, . . . it isn't hate, it certainly isn't love, not any emotion that you can put your finger on, yet it is there? There is such a thing existing in this school today. Everyone has noticed it, although not very many try to do anything about it. It is the feeling that is present between the resident and non-resident pupils. Now here's the thing in a nutshell!

Many years ago, the town pupils were not allowed to come to any social events. Then, when the school included them in the social whirl, it was not entirely in the right spirit. The town people took the attitude that they were not as welcome as they would like to be. I mean the town people in general not the "four hundred"; they were always welcome. But what about the very plain Mrs. Smith and company who probably had not had as much training in etiquette as had Mrs. DuBarry; or Mrs. Smith's daughter, who had not as many pretty clothes nor as much spending money as Mary Ann Chiswick? The feeling is more apparent among the girls than among the boys.

Today the social committee of the school is trying to put into action a plan that includes the town people in practically every event. But they forget one, the most important one, the Freshman Prom—the event where the pupils get together and get acquainted. Perhaps it has never occurred to the leaders of the school that this event is of major importance. It is the opening event of the school, the one where people get their first impressions, and first impressions remain.

The resident people are very sensible about their parties; they do not get all fussed up in evening gown and tuxedo. They wear practical afternoon dresses and neat suits. What this school needs is just a little more co-operation on the part of the students, a little more of feeling that you are doing a part to help towards the success of the school.

This doesn't mean that you have to be a social butterfly or a Casanova, but just natural and friendly. Resident people, come here with the feeling that you are going to promote friendliness between town and resident; and town people, for goodness sake (and that's putting it mildly) help the residents by giving a little more support. Come to the parties, etc., and above all, come to the

parties with the desire to have a good time. We want co-operation, otherwise this place will never have the successful social life that we all desire. Well, what about it?

## A POEM

To write one thing that would be good—  
One poem to put my name on high,  
And brand it deep, a monument in man's mind,  
A means of life, though I shall die.

If I could dream as Colridge dreamed,  
And write as he wrote Kubla Khan,  
I'd feel that I had earned a place  
Above the ranks of lesser man.

JAMES POAPST.

## BUILDING CHARACTER

If I can drill my thoughts at will,  
Their master to obey,  
I'll rid my mind of rubble  
(The hay, the wood, the stubble)  
That breaks my life's foundations  
And makes the fabric sway.  
I'll haste to put on gentleness  
And cast the rags of pride,  
Discord, hatred, and unbelief aside;  
Slow lifting from the ground, at first  
But mounting higher and higher,  
I shall a building make my own,  
More near my heart's desire.

—Dorothy Sproule.

## MY SLEEPYHEAD

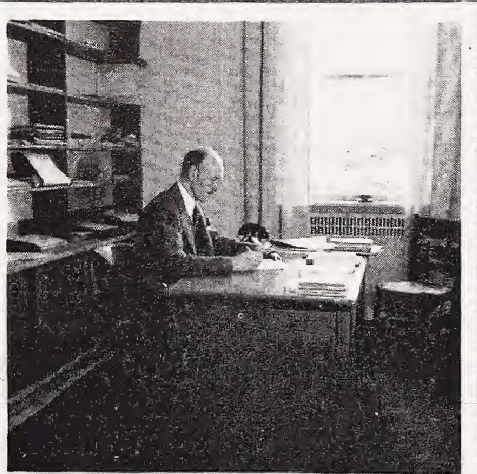
The clock has just struck seven,  
And you must trot to bed,  
While the angels up in heaven,  
Keep watch above your head.

You've been so good to-day, dear,  
Your dreams should all be sweet,  
And in your own dreamboat you steer,  
To lands where dear friends meet.

Out goes the light and I shall leave  
For you are oh, so tired;  
I'll shut the door, and I believe  
You'll dream as you've desired.

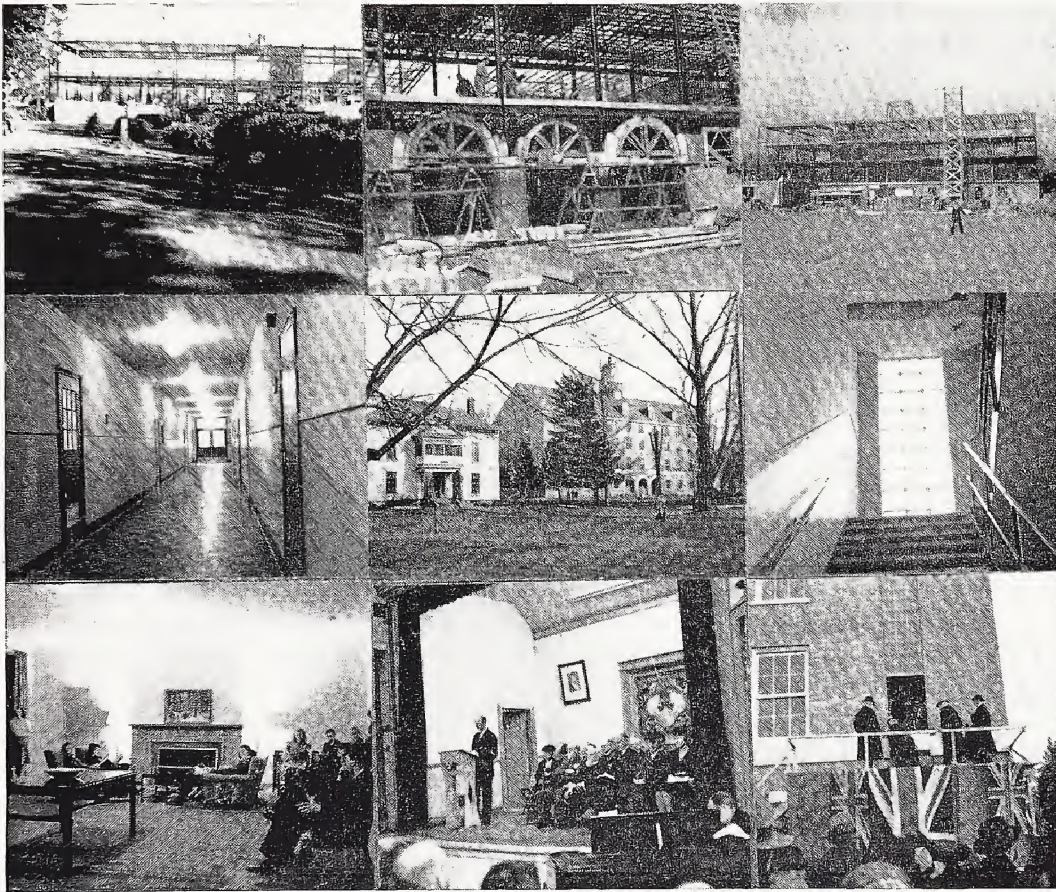
V. POPE. GRADE 9.





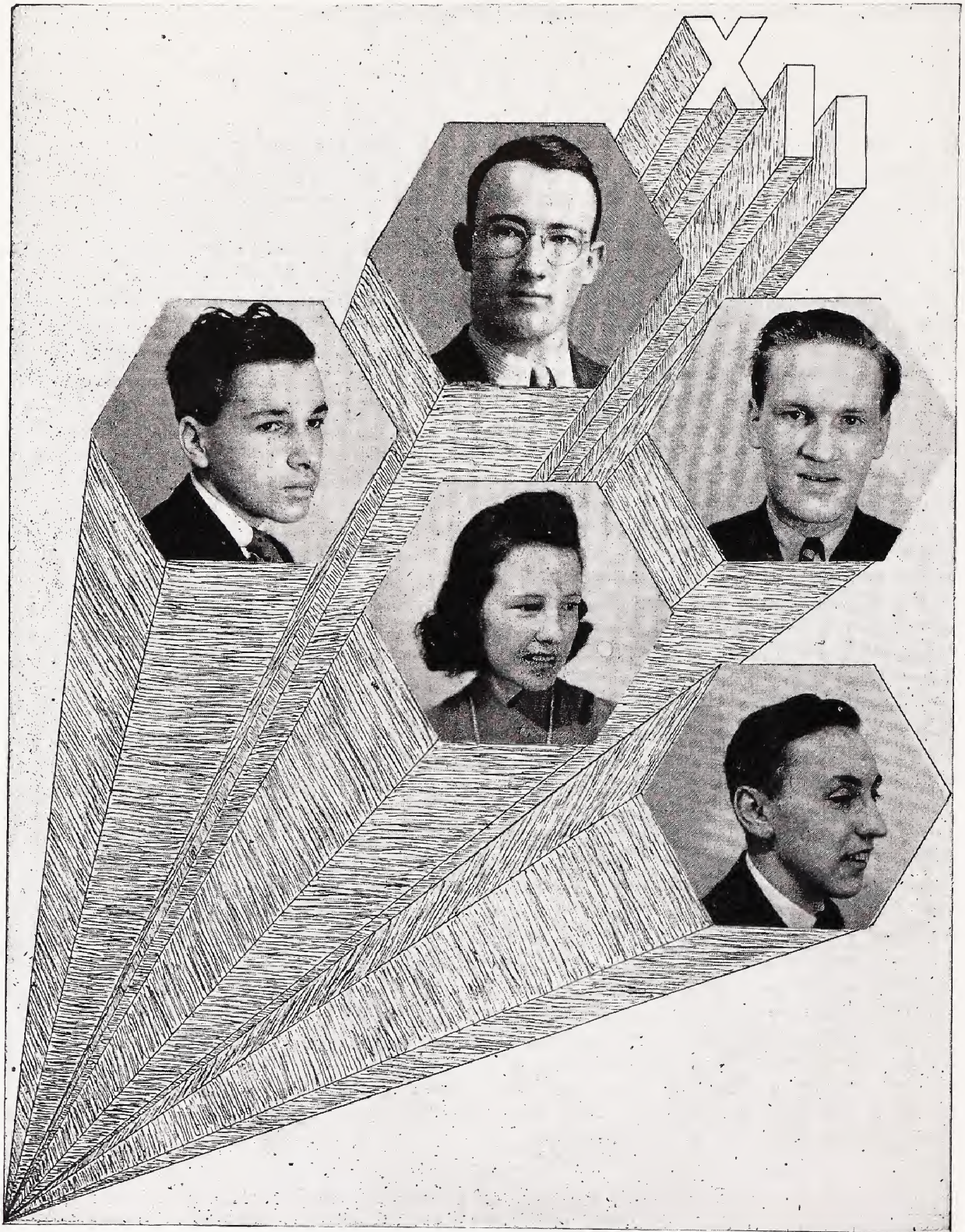
Heads of Departments





Growth and Dedication of the New Building.





RENE EDMUND BRANDT  
"To thine own self be true."

PETER ALLAN POAPST  
"Over exertion in any line should  
be avoided."

ALBERTA SHANKS BRAITHWAITE  
"She is little, she is wise,  
She's a terror for her size."

JOHN GRANT ROBERTS  
"Though vanquished he would  
argue still."

DWIGHT EDMUND RIVARD  
"Experience is the greatest teacher  
I have ever known."



## GRADE XII PROPHECY

The distant drumming of the guns mingled with the hum of insects. Sunlight shone through the open window of the small canteen. This momentary peace meant much to the nurse, and to the four soldiers sitting at one of the small tables. One could readily see they were old friends.

The throb of motors caused them to listen, alert for danger. It was a flight of allied planes. After a few months of war one did these things automatically.

"Let's forget the war for awhile?" said the nurse.

"That's an excellent idea Alberta," replied the artillery officer. "What do you say boys, shall we discuss the good old days at Stanstead, the place we groaned about in our ignorance?"

"Well, Dwight, you take the cake for brain-waves," said a truck driver of the C. A. S. C.

"Don't mention it old fruit, but it has taken Rene Brandt too long to admit it," replied Dwight.

"O.K. you two, save your fighting for Von little Hitler, and company."

"Quiet Grant, enough from a mere flatfoot of the trenches."

A hearty laugh greeted these remarks, but the five soon began to think of the past again.

"Say Peter, do you remember the way Dwight and Rene used to clean the Bugbee floors with each other?"

"Do I! I used to join in. Let me tell you the rubbers, chalk, and brushes used to fly. Poor pip-squeak used to be tossed around like a peanut on a wave."

"That's what you think," said the nurse. "Listen Pete I crowned you boys more than once."

"All right Alberta, let's speak of the June Prom. Wasn't that a wonderful dance? What I wouldn't give for a dance now."

A sigh—a pause—then Grant started to speak. "What food we used to get even if the odd hair was forthcoming! Now the food contains souvenirs of anything from old boots to shrapnel. Talk about fancy horse-dovers!"

"Do you mean hors-d'oeuvres?" said Rene.

"Don't quibble, the main idea is what counts."

For awhile they were silent, gazing out the window.

"The other day I saw a building in some wrecked village that reminded me of Joe's Hall. The only difference was that Joe's was only half-shot."

"Pardon me, Rene, but after some of the places I have slept in I think Joe's was a swell place. At

least we slept in clean beds, and didn't have to wash in shell holes."

"You're right, Grant, why we even found fault with the new building when we finally got in the place. Can you imagine bells ringing to tell us what to do; clean bathrooms, comfortably furnished rooms, a dining room that was a pleasure to eat in, good old Pierce Hall with its programs, the play room, and the parlor? Say Pete did they ever get the girl's residence up?"

"They're just starting it now. I found out from a recent letter I received from home."

"Those were the days! I was almost too lazy to go skiing or skating. What a swell opportunity we had . . . them days is gone forever."

"Say, Dwight, remember the run to the cannon and back? We must have been cracked running a mile to see a cannon. I'm so tired of seeing artillery, maybe even artillery officers."

"Listen, Brandt your a—!"

"Quiet boys, after all we have only a short time together. By the way have you heard how well Dougy Robb's doing in school? Your spankings must have ignited the spark of genius."

"More likely the seat of his pyjamas."

"You, and your one man annex!"

"Pipe down, Pete! I'd tell you what I thought of you if it wasn't for Alberta. We must respect this holder of pulses, and the cooler of the fevered brow."

And so they talked about debates, plays, international night, rugby, the league of nations.

Unnoticed by the five, two hours had gone rapidly. Suddenly an orderly stepped in and announced that all officers and men had to report back to their units at once.

As the five left the canteen the black curtains were being carefully closed. Another night of World War II had arrived.

DWIGHT RIVARD.

## PRAYER OF AN EMPTY LIFE

My God, this empty life I lead,  
Brings but despair! And yet none else

I'll ever know;

Of this one thing I'm sure. And so  
I sit and dream of things not meant for me;  
Of strength, of wine, of idleness and ease—  
The myriad things which rarely cease to please  
Distract me, till distraction seems the one thing  
left for me.

From this O God please take me, that I plead.

GRANT ROBERTS.



## ON THE DANGERS OF STUDYING

I wonder if any of my readers have ever considered the many dangers with which the apparently simple act of studying is fraught. It appears that nothing in this modern world is without danger. I can state, in near sincerity, that this common form of obtaining knowledge is as dangerous as lying on a bed (the subject of my next discourse) and it verges on becoming one of the greatest causes of death in this broad domain of ours. After years of careful research, a group of scientists, psychologists, and members of such worthy organizations as the S. P. C. A. and the W. C. T. U., have come to the conclusion that as many as three people have lost their lives in this pursuit throughout the last ten decades.

Let us look into the files of the above mentioned men and women of research, veritable pioneers in their fields. Take the case of one Alosius K. Simms for example. Mr. Simms was a budding young chemistry teacher in one of our urban high schools during the past decade. Mr. Simms was afflicted with the desire to further his education, considered by all his friends as a noble pursuit. He had but one failing, however, it was necessary for him to have a suspended tense feeling to enable him to absorb further knowledge in the realm of science. One balmy spring night, our friend Mr. Simms was stricken with the desire to do a little innocent studying. Of course, he realized that he had to be in a state of suspended animation; so he hied to a neighbouring bar, and after four stiff brandy and sodas and a pint of rum, he had sufficient animation to produce a full length cartoon. On returning home to his fourteenth storey penthouse, he attempted to add suspension to his animation. Result: a fall to the pavement, and a quick trip to the incinerator via the morgue.

There, dear readers, is an example of what study can do. Now, do you begin to realize the dangers of this peaceful pursuit?

Mr. Simms, however, is one of the more recent cases. In the year 1864, a young lad, one Giuseppe Blake, was sitting in the classroom of the Beetlebaum Grammar School of Beetlemaum, Penna. He had worked until the small hours of the morning, struggling with the age-old problem, "If A has X eggs, and B has Y eggs, how long will it take C to walk to New York?" Giuseppe had used trigonometry, calculus, and some of the higher mathematics such as Spelling and Philosophy.

Nevertheless, the poor lad was having little success.

Next day he sat dosing during a rather boring class in the elementary-uses-of-the-pocket-knife, which was one of his better subjects. The grizzled old elementary-uses-of-the-pocket-knife master had other ideas, however. Emitting one or two brusque brusques, he sat about proving that he was not named Waldo Q Strongarm for nothing. With another mighty brusque (No. 4434, section 45b, I think) he caused poor Giuseppe to force himself into a state of semi-awakenedness. Why don't you jump in the lake and chase away those traces of Morpheus?" he shouted. (What he said implied this, but is unprintable.) So, poor Giuseppe took Waldo literally, and since he couldn't swim he drowned. This could have been avoided if Giuseppe had (a) retired at an earlier hour, (b) not stayed up so late, (c) remained awake in class, (d) skipped school, or one of several other choices which are copyrighted.

So, my dear readers, you can see exactly what is going on right under your very noses. We can offer only one cure for this, have your noses cut off. However, it might be going on behind your back, and we do not like to advise you to have that removed, as the loss of a back might cause you some little inconvenience.

But, to get back to my original theme. Is your son studying hard? If so, offer him a choice of a car or a trip to Florida for the school months, or even two choices of each. If your son refuses, you have real cause for worry. I suggest that you call up the S. P. C. A., the W. C. T. U., and the local mailman, to see what they think. If they don't offer a solution, have him well fumigated. If he still refuses to accept, be prepared to inform your son that he will probably die within the next two hundred years.

GRANT ROBERTS.

## A HUMBLE SERVANT

Oh! Thou greatest invention of all mankind! Thou hast existed ever since there were human beings in Eden. Thou wert one of the essential features of the Ark, installed there by Noah and Sons. Alexander the Great had thee erected on one of his elephants, that he might enjoy thy comforts at all times during his campaigns. Napoleon, however, ignored thee too much with the result that he could not cope with the nerve-wracking strain of war, and ended his days sadly on St. Helena. Even the great men of this present day gladly use thee



to their advantage.

There have been many changes since then, 'tis true, such as the abolition of polygamy amongst civilized nations, and the invention of the steam engine; however, despite all these radical changes thou hast always remained man's true and necessary friend.

Someone will, perhaps, add that thou hast not preserved thy Eden architecture throughout the centuries. This is perfectly reasonable, for like anything else on this earth, thou hast had to follow the conventions of the day. Nevertheless, under these various disguises thou hast performed the duties for which man created thee.

If thou were to vanish mysteriously from this selfish earth, I grieve at what would ensue. Mankind's habitual routine would be so vitally hit that I doubt if it could survive the shock. Thousands would die of lumbago, and of dislocated joints!

Thou art also the seat of fair thoughts. For in thy tender embrace, man dreams of Utopian and wonderful things which he can hardly ever hope to acquire. It is in thy loving arms that he lives the life he would like to live and is the person he would like to be. Here he is in a happy, carefree, and contented world, where no stark realities frighten him. Were it not for the fact that thou art the main factor in helping to produce such sweet rapture, the universe would go mad with tedious routine.

Here again thou art the preserver of humanity, for thou art the only place where it can forget its troubles and obliterate truth amongst the bottomless recesses of blissful oblivion. Man can also forget his debts by going to the tavern and drinking himself under the table, 'tis true; but in so doing he commits himself into the hands of delirium tremens, Bacchus' trusty servant. Furthermore, his reputation, if he possesses any, will be ruined if he is seen entering such a "dreadful place" by the parson's wife. Even if he does escape these evils, he returns home in the early hours of the morning played out, and still discontent. Had he taken refuge under thy maternal wing, however, he would have gone to work the next day, rested, refreshed, hopeful.

RENE BRANDT, GRADE XII.

### "CACOUNA"

Cacouna est un agréable endroit de villégiature situé sur la rive sud du fleuve St. Laurent, presque en face de l'embouchure du Saguenay. Comme son nom indien l'indique le paysage y est très sauvage.

La campagne est parsemée de monts escarpés et de plusieurs forêts où poussent surtout l'épinette et le sapin, ainsi que le bouleau et le cèdre.

La largeur du fleuve s'y trouve de vingt-deux milles. Les puissantes vagues et les fortes marées qui s'y font sentir, rendent cette place encore plus attrayante aux touristes. Cacouna, par son eau saline ressemble beaucoup aux villages de la côté. Elle contient diverses algues marines et plusieurs mammifères tels que le marsouin et le loup de mer. Inutile de dire que la pêche y est très fructueuse et que durant la saison d'été on y trouve quantité de harengs, de saumons, de loches et d'esturgeons. Si ce n'était des marsouins elle serait d'autant plus fructueuse, car on prétend que chacun de ces mammifères dévore journellement quarante barils de poissons.

On y voit souvent de magnifiques couchés de soleil qui sont, du moins pour moi, inoubliables. Le soleil, comparable à une énorme boule de feu, semble s'enfoncer parmi les immenses forêts des Laurentides. Elle pare les eaux du fleuve d'une longue traîne de feu, qui se rétrécit petit à petit pour finalement disparaître et plonger la côté entière et les îlots dans le crépuscule du soir.

René Brandt. XII classe.

### MASCULINE CONSPIRACY

As sole representative of the fairer sex in Grade XII, I'm going to present you with a sketch of the masculine four-fifths of the tribe and their doings; giving you an idea of my surroundings during the past ten months.

In our cubby hole in Bugbee which we occupied until Easter, I was kicked about. There was not room enough for four boys to carry on a football game (with my overshoes, hat or gloves) or stage a fight and still be room for me, even though I don't take up so very much space. By the way, who had his head pushed through the wall, into the Grade XI classroom? That's still a mystery. I don't know how I survived especially when two of the members used to wipe up the floor with each other.

Peter lives in town, and is often late, particularly in the morning. He does love to sleep. Consequently he doesn't figure so prominently in the brawls. Then "Moe," our drummer boy, always hangs out with his jazz pal, J. Aaron Gordon until the last minute, so that accounts for him. By process of elimination only Rivard and Brandt are left. They are the "before class" brawlers.

Apparently the boys didn't think much of the



huge picture of Sir Walter Scott which hung on our wall. They went to work on Walter. One morning when I went into class I didn't recognize the dear old boy. He was completely transformed from a sedate looking gentleman to a dashing, debonair chap. His head was covered with cocoanut, glued on. A cigaret drooped from his lip while he glared at me through a monocle. Instead of a carnation doing the honours in his lapel, a sprig of evergreen dangled there. Yes, Sir Walter was quite the man-about-town. Then someone got the idea of converting the poor man's name, "Scott", "Ma Scott." Grade XII was no longer without a mascot. Unfortunately we weren't allowed to install our masterpiece in our new quarters after Easter, so we had to cart dear Walter up to the attic above Bugbee. May he rest in peace.

Now that we're in the new building, life is running on a much more elevated plane. I guess it's on account of the new room, because woe betide the first person who makes a fingerprint on the wall. But René and Dwight must work off that surplus energy. Their room is the battlefield, incidentally, and fortunately it's right above mine. Words can't describe the noise that finds its way

down here. It sounds like a herd of elephants rather than two Grade XII students. So you see, I get the worst of it no matter where I am.

PIPSQUEAK.

### THE ROAD OF LIFE

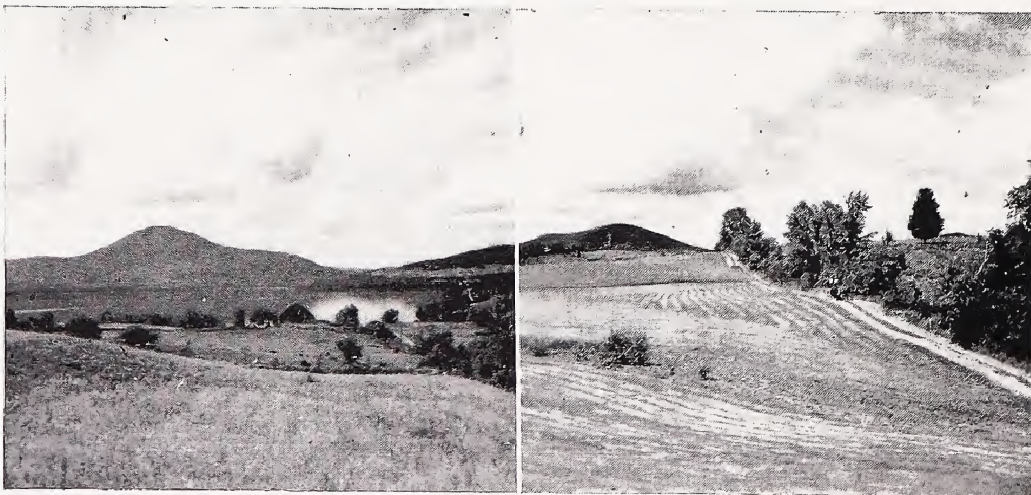
The time has come for me to go  
Along the road of Life,  
To find amid my wanderings  
The tears of joy and strife.

The road that one must travel o'er  
Is not an easy one to tread;  
And some who from the pathway fall,  
Miss all the pleasure on ahead.

Many have taken the path that's right  
But a few have missed the bend;  
And where I lay my head at night  
Determines where my road will end.

I hope my days will always be,  
On the road that's right, not wrong,  
And spite of sorrow and of tears  
My life will always be a song.

VIOLET POPE. GR. 9.



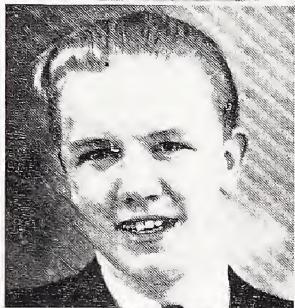




**WILLIAM ALLAN VEIT**  
(Professor)  
Starve, scrouge, deride me: I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.  
House League Basketball '37-'40;  
House League Hockey '37-'39;  
Track '37-'40; Students Council  
'40; Dramatics '40; Seicl '40;  
Jr. Football '39-'40; Publicity  
Editor of the Light '39; Chorus  
'39-'40; Choir '40.  
Although radical in his ideas Bill  
is liked by everyone. Bill spends  
his spare time in seeking to  
correct the faults his keen ob-  
servation picks out.



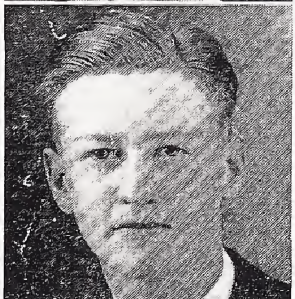
**DOROTHY JEAN GILBERT**  
(Soapy)  
Sweet, be not proud of these two  
eyes  
Which starlike sparkle in their  
skies.  
Hockey '39-'40; House League  
Basketball '39-'40; Debating '39;  
Tennis '39-'40; Track '39-'40;  
Secretary of Grade XI Drama  
Club '40; Softball '39; Captain  
of Softball Team '40; Seicl '40.  
Asbestos gave us the life of the  
party in the person of Dot Gil-  
bert. Besides this virtue, Dot  
is a good athlete.



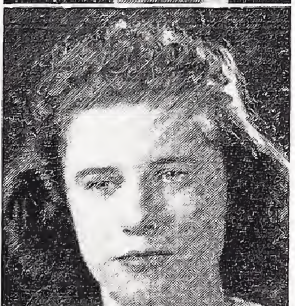
**ALAN ROBB BOYD**  
(Bid)  
My noble, lovely little Peggy,  
Let this my first epistle beg ye.  
Track '40; Jr. Football '39-'40;  
House League Basketball '39-  
'40; House League Hockey '39-  
'40; Seicl '39-'40; Dramatics  
'39-'40.  
A lanky blonde chap from Knowl-  
ton. His favourite hobby is visit-  
ing Violet. Bid is known for his  
laugh.



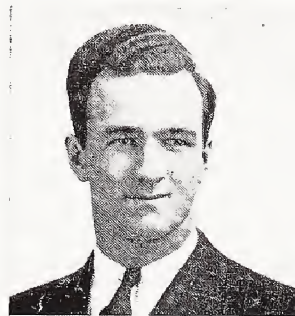
**GWENDOLYN MAE ALLENBY**  
(Gwen)  
O Gracious Courage, keep me  
ever fearing to hear "Depart"  
upon the Judgment Day.  
Basketball '40; Hockey '40; Soft-  
ball '40; Track '40; Tennis '38-  
'40; Seicl '40; Social Commit-  
tee '40; Choir '40; Chor. '38-'40.  
Gwen, who forsook St. Johns for  
Stanstead, brought with her a  
noticeable understanding. Gwen  
will be remembered for her  
sense of humor.



**WILLIS KEITH BALDWIN**  
(Baldy)  
Die not poor Death; nor yet  
canst thou kill me.  
Track '40; Jr. Football '38-'40;  
Tennis '37-'40; House League  
Basketball '35-'40; House Le-  
ague Hockey '35-'40; Dramatics  
'39-'40; Skiing.  
Keith hails from the town that  
bears his name. His ambition is  
to become an aviator. We're sure  
he'll make good.



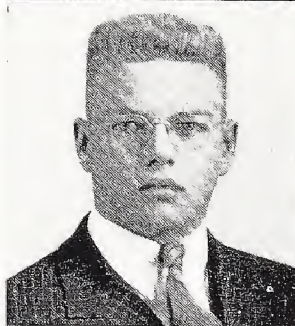
**MIRIAM ALICE WATKINS**  
(Watky)  
When God at first made man,  
Having a glass of blessings  
standing by.  
Softball '40; Hockey '40; House  
League Basketball '40; Drama-  
tics '40; Seicl '40; Social Com-  
mittee '40; Chorus '40.  
Miriam is well liked by all who  
know her. Her friendliness  
makes her very popular.



**JOHN AARON GORDON**  
(Newt)  
I love to rise in a summer morn.  
When the birds sing on every  
hill.  
Track '36-'38, '39-'40; Sr. Hockey  
'36-'38, '39-'40; Sr. Football '36-  
'38, '39-'40; Dramatics '40; Stu-  
dents' Council '40; House Le-  
ague Basketball '36-'38; Track  
Capt. '40; Choir '40; Chorus '36-  
'38, '39-'40.  
Johnny with his dark curly hair,  
will always be remembered in  
Stanstead for his humor and  
his trumpet.



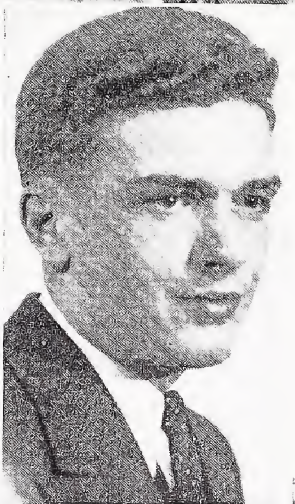
**CYRIL ALFRED BALFRY**  
(Cy)  
Life is but a day;  
A fragile dewdrop on it's peril-  
ous way.  
Sr. Football '37-'40; Sr. Hockey  
'37-'40; Sr. Basketball '37-'40;  
Track '37-'39; Chorus '37-'40;  
Dramatics '38-'40; Seicl '38-'40;  
Chairman of Public Speaking  
'39-'40; Chairman of Creden-  
tials, L. of N. '38-'40; Students'  
Council '40; Magazine Board  
'37; Sports' Editor of the An-  
nual '40; Manager of Track  
Team '40; Class Debater '37.  
Cy who has been with us for the  
past three years has made his  
presence known not only on the  
athletic field, but also in the daily  
life of the college.



**LEWIS TURNER BRAINERD**  
(Fritz)  
With their conversing, I forget  
all time,  
All seasons, and their change; all  
please alike.  
Track '39-'40; Seicl '39-'40; Bad-  
minton '39-'40.  
Turner is John Stubb's cycling  
partner. If you didn't know him  
you would swear he was a "Hun"  
with his short hair-cut.



**JOHN COOKE STUBBS**  
(Cookie).  
One thought, one grace, one  
wonder, at the least,  
Which into words no virtue could  
digest.  
Track '40; Seicl '40; Electrician  
of Dramatic Club '40; Badmin-  
ton '40.  
John cycles every morning from  
Beebe to school. He is well  
liked by all for his friendly and  
sportsmanlike attitude.



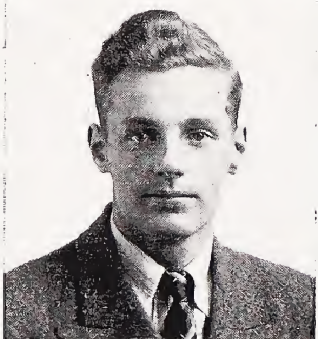
**RODMAN CARNOE KELLEY**  
(Rod)  
But day and night my fancy's  
flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.  
Sr. Football '36-'40; Sr. Hockey  
'36-'40; Track '36-'40; Basket-  
ball Capt. '38-'40; Social Com-  
mittee '40; Pres. of Grade XI  
Drama Club; Seicl '40; Athletic  
Asso. '38-'40; Chorus '40; Stu-  
dents' Council '40; Magazine  
Board '40; Class Track Mana-  
ger '40.  
Rod, with his curly brown hair  
and brown eyes, will be mourned  
by all females when he leaves  
Stanstead.





**MARGERY JEAN LeBARON**  
(Sarky)

To see the World in a grain of sand, and a Heaven in a wild flower.  
Softball '40; Seicl '40; House League Basketball '40; Dramatics '40; Choir '40; Chor. '40.  
Marge came to us last year from Three Rivers. She proved her ability by winning the Melvin Kearns Scholarship.



**ROBERT MALLORY**  
**MacINTOSH** (Bob)

Only the echoes, which he made relent,  
Rung from their marble caves,  
"Repent, repent."  
Jr. Football '39; Sr. Football '39; Track '36-'40; House League Basketball '37-'40; House League Hockey '37-'40; Pres. of the Seicl '39-'40; Cass Debater '38-'40; Magazine Board '36-'40; Dramatics '39-'40; League of Nations '38-'40; Social Committee '39-'40; Valedictorian.  
Bob is Stanstead's best bet to take leading honours in the Provincial Examinations. Here's to you Bob.



**DONALD GEORGE**  
**CATHCART** (Gassy)

Blow, blow, thou winter wind.  
House League Hockey '40; House League Basketball '40; Track '40; Dramatics '40; Chorus '40.  
Don who hails from St. George of Beauce County is one to be envied for his fluency in French. We see him as a candidate for the 1950 Provincial Elections.



**EDWARD HALL** (Ed)

Ay, but to die, and to go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot.  
Track '40; Dramatics '39-'40; Students' Council '40; Seicl '39-'40.  
Ed. hails from Windsor Mills. He is a tall, dark, quiet chap. We are looking forward to seeing him an engineer.



**WILFRED EDWARD**  
**HARLAND STONE**  
(Chamby)

This is the morn should bring unto this grove  
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.  
Dramatics '39-'40; Chorus '39-'40; Track '39-'40.  
Harland comes to us from Nova Scotia. Being a true 'bluenose' he has the gift of gab and a keen sense of humor. He plays the violin.

**WILLIAM WATERSON**

**HEATH** (Bill)

But to go to school in a summer morn,  
O' it drives all joy away.  
Debating '36-'37, '39-'40; Track '36-'38.  
Bill came to us from Stanstead. With his witty tongue he has given us many enjoyable moments. Bill will no doubt become an insurance agent for the Sun Life.

**ROY RANDOLPH WARREN**  
**HILL** (Spanky)

I thought of thee, my partner and my guide, as being past away.  
Roy hailing from Stanstead will be remembered for his interest in Maths.

**JOHN EDWARD POAPS**

(Poapsie)

Sleep, Silence 'child, sweet father of soft rest.  
Jr. Football '39; Sr. Football '40; Sr. Hockey '40; House League Hockey '36-'39; Track '38-'40.  
John hails from Stanstead and leaves us memories of a sleepy chap who just couldn't find time to do his Maths.

## TO QUEBEC

Oh thou, the fairest city e'er raised up  
Impregnable upon a bastioned height,  
To thee I stand and raise the brimming cup,  
And toast again the awe-inspiring sight.  
Once long ago did Kalm stand on thy brow,  
And looking o'er the crowd was heard to cry,  
"This town which Maissonneuve is founding now  
Will live, and grow, and yield, and never die!"  
An unknown, undreamt rock left to decay,  
You pointed out to Cartier's eager gaze  
A route to Vipangu and rich Cathay;  
You were the herald of new lands, new ways,  
And though the wars are o'er and drums no longer beat,  
You live, and great Laurent rolls on beneath your feet.

R. MacINTOSH.





## GRADE XI CLASS PROPHECY

*Time:* About 2000 A.D.

*Place:* St. Peter's Gate.

\* \*

I scrawled a final misdeed on the last step of the golden stairway, tossed the remaining crumb of chalk away, and knocked on the pearly gates.

"Who's there?" challenged St. Peter.

"Me."

"Only one?"

"Yeah."

"Sorry, but you'll have to wait. We only let people in in bunches. It takes a lot of energy to open the gate, don't forget."

"Aw, okay," I grumbled; "gee whiz, they not only make you take the stairs, but then you hafta sit around and wait to get in!" With that I proceeded to make myself as comfortable as possible. I was wondering how long I'd be parked on St. Pete's doorstep, when suddenly I saw a weary-looking crowd of people rounding the last bend. As soon as they realized that their destination was in sight, they frantically scribbled their remaining sins and minced up to the gate.

"Where ya from?" yelled Pete.

"Stanstead College," they mournfully replied, and added as an afterthought, "Class of '40."

Up to this point I had been watching a pair of rowdy cherubs playing horseshoes with their halos, but when the meaning of this astonishing remark sunk through, I jumped up shouting "Stanstead College? 1940? Well, I'll be gosh darned&"

Meanwhile everyone was filing through the open gate, so I made haste to do likewise.

I found myself walking beside that most austere personage, J. Aaron Gordon. In hopes he would recognize me, I pulled his long black beard to attract his attention. Sure enough, he turned and almost jumped clean out of his yellow socks and green suspenders.

"Well, if it isn't Marge LeBaron," he grinned, and shook my blood vessels (hand when I was young). "How long have you been here?"

"Oh, just a little while. Maybe you hadn't heard, but I was the first female test pilot for Baldwin's Nickle and Slug Slot Machine Smashers Co. Ltd. I went to sleep on the job and one of our latest automatic models snuck up behind, as it were. So here I am. What happened to you?"

"Well, it's this way. A gang of us were trying out Bill Veit's new stratosphere balloon and a stork punctured it at the eight-mile level. It would be

the stork that was on the way to Dot Slinkle-spunk's (nee Dot Gilbert) house with the seventeenth. She'll likely be joining us before long. But that's another story. There was Bill Veit as master mind (and he pointed to Bill who was mostly hidden by a physics book he had no business reading). And Kelley for stooge." (Rod was flipping the pages of a French dictionary looking for "chez heaven" so he could drop a line to Gabby back home.) "Don Cathcart came along to hold the balloon down so we wouldn't go too far, but he made up for weight with hot air." (Don was busy distracting St. Pete with his original rendition of "And the Angels Sing" on the accordion.) "Those birds" (and he pointed to John Poaps and Ed Hall), "came along mostly for the ride, they claim, but we know they just wanted to escape the Boynton police for sedition or seduction or something like that." I guess that covers us all. Oh yes, Cy came along to do the talking since we're a silent lot, but he had to go back for more chalk. He'll be along soon. Don't be surprised if he limps a little. He's only got one leg. He got the other one shot off in the 2nd Great War, which he helped win after graduating — er - ah — after leaving school.

At this juncture loud angry voices floated across the heavenly mists to us. On looking around we saw St. Pete trying to prevent a lean and lanky individual from following us through the gate.

"Not so fast," hollered St. Pete, pushing him back. "I don't care if you are a MacIntosh of the Stanstead MacIntosh's, lawyers just aren't allowed in heaven. Didn't you learn that at the League of Nations, 1940?"

"Oh Fuzzlegush!" snorted Mac in disgust, as with a parting shove St. Pete forced him out and shut the gate.

"I guess that settles him," said a voice from above me. My gaze fell upon a pair of incredibly long legs, and on following them up I perceived their owner to be none other than our old friend Alan Boyd. His explanation for his presence was this: "I reorganized Alexander's Ragtime Band into Boyd's Baton Busters. Everything went okay till my traps player hit the wrong skull or whatever you call those things. I enjoyed working in the band, but I found it a grave undertaking.— I'm hungry; let's eat."

Eagerly agreeing with "Bid's" suggestion, we made a beeline for Allenby's Unctious Edibitalum, which on earth would be nothing but Allenby's Diner. There we met the charming hostess, who



begged us to try her new and exhilarating Clarke's beans. We complied. The twenty-four hours a day floor show starred Miss Miriam Watkins, and as far as I could see all she did was stand behind a burlap bag and dance. The sack was tied onto her incidentally.

After lunch we wandered down the golden streets, and to my amazement I saw our old friends Roy Hill and Bill Heath buried in a book called "Calculus." Roy was just exercising his brain on trigonometry. Bill was trying to figure out a way so he wouldn't have to. I also noticed Keith Baldwin, my old employer whom I've already mentioned. Although minus a scalp (which I had taken with me as a memento when I croaked) he still managed to sleep comfortably.

At this moment I noticed a circular fence around the block where we were standing. After considerable research I discovered that it was not a fence at all, but just John Stubbs and Turner Brainerd getting warmed up for heaven's first nation bike race. It reminded me of the good old days when they tore up pavement all the way from Beebe.

And then, as if I had not received enough shocks for one day, I perceived a sparkling transcendent face, topped by a neon-lighted halo coming towards me. Who could it be but that man with the irrepressible personality and uncontrollable tongue, our good friend, Harold Jashua Stone! Shades of our contemporaries, he hadn't changed a bit! After considerable coaxing he modestly admitted that he had been lynched by the studio audience of "Information Please" for asking too many questions.

Well, I guess that's just about all there is for the 1940 class. Funny, how the old gang will all end up in the same place, isn't it? Especially when that place is heaven.

"ICKY AND SARKY."

—O—

There was a young girl from Australia  
Who went to a ball as a dahlia,  
When the petals unfurled  
It revealed to the world,  
That the dress, as a dress, was a failure.

### THIRD-FLAT BLUES

"Ah, spring," thought I, peacefully reposing by the window. A soft breeze was blowing the curl out of my hair, a summer sunbeam turned my

face a tomato colour, and sweet music drifted from the radio. "There's nothing like it. I could almost write a poem about it." Suddenly my musings were interrupted by a racous shout from below. Looking out I saw that it was one of S. W. C's. female jitterbugs. "Turn the radio louder," she yelled. I complied, and tried to repair the broken link in my chain of thoughts. Again an interruption. Several windows beside and above me went up, and sundry voices demanded peace and quiet. "Well, you can't please everybody," I said as I returned the radio volume to normal.

Once more I settled down. Once more a voice broke rudely into my thoughts. "Hey, LeB! Snap out of it! Come and take a shower." There was no refusing so I roused and followed my companion to the bathroom. What a scene of chaos! Girls running from sink to bathtub to shower, to the door and back again. Loud screams as some hard-hearted person shot a stream of cold water at an unwilling victim. Puddles of water were all over the floor. Now and then something banged against the door. Investigation showed that two girls in outlandish garb were wiedling tennis racquets in the hall. I have heard of people with dual personalities and I believe there are some on the third floor. Girls whom I thought very reserved were making more noise than the others. At last the dinner bell quieted everyone. "Oh spring," thought I, as I went down to a tough steak, "I fear this is one place where your restful spirit won't enter in!"

10 P.M. — I have just been through another fierce battle to get near enough to a sink to brush my teeth. Am now lying on my bed completely exhausted. Oh-oh—there's that fatal click — the power's off. Well, I didn't want to listen to Glenn Miller anyway—10.15—Bang! . . . LeB! etalion? Did you throw a pillow at me?"

"No, I didn't, Bunt! It must be something at the window. It was. A large box was swinging perilously to and fro. "Grab it," said a deep voice from above. We did. The box was addressed to Miss Allenby, I tiptoed down the hall in the direction of muffled giggles. I opened the door. "Here!" I said, throwing the box at Gwen! She deftly caught it, and turned back to the window. "See anything out there Marge?" she asked. I went over and looked out.—Well, what in—! "It looks like a skeleton!" I exclaimed. Alberta shrieked and pulled a blanket over her head. Gwen seized

a pair of scissors, and with trembling fingers cut the string, and brought in—a cow's head! "Oh, Dwight!" she groaned, "Trying to scare me like that?" Just then I heard a noise, so I hurried back—and so to bed. The end of another hectic day. Such is life on the girls' flat.

### LINES

He sat beneath a massive tree,  
And 'gainst its trunk he did recline  
His weary body. Limbs and foliage  
So dense, did yield protection from  
The scorching sun, and gentle winds  
Wafted the scent of warm green grass  
Into the sombre shade of his retreat.

He loved that place. He looked  
Into the valley, far below and saw  
The panorama lit with golden light  
Of the high noon. The glistening of the brook  
The cool shadow of the wood,  
The fences, field, and meadow, sweet  
With greenest grass.

"This glorious sight, this symphony  
In light and shade, I must record," said he,  
And from his coat he drew the necessary  
Pen and paper and with letters twenty-six  
He did proceed to meet the task  
Which never has a human done  
To his own satisfaction.

But soon he realized the folly of his task,  
He gazed into the valley, then upon his efforts,  
He dropped his pen, threw back his head and  
laughed,

"What fool am I, who in this simple line of  
words

Is searching for a beauty half as great  
As that which lies before me."  
He took the paper, gently folded it  
And stuffed it in a hole beside the tree  
'Neath which he sat.

A short time hence, another passed that way,  
The cool shade of that same tree  
Invited him to rest, and, as he sat  
His hand upon the paper fell,  
Left by the poet but the day before.  
He opened it and read and with his notes  
Did it compare; and lo,  
It was a masterpiece.

B. VEIT, GRADE XI.

### LIFE

What's the use, some people say,  
Of living on from day to day?  
Sometimes we laugh, more often sigh  
And, after all, we live to die.

But these have missed the theme of life,  
They know scant joy, abundant strife,  
Too careless in their foolish pride  
To look upon the happy side.

VIOLET ALEXANDER. GR. 9.

### THE GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT

One night, after the household had retired to bed,  
I remained for a long time,  
Sitting on a bench in the garden.  
It was a very lovely night,  
The moon shone through light white clouds,  
A thunderstorm had just passed, thus cooling and  
refreshing the air,  
Raindrops still wet on the trees, sparkled as the  
beams of the moon fell on them.  
A rich fragrance came up from this new and  
washed nature;  
In the garden by moonlight.

A. C.







## Bugbee Business College

From the founding of Stanstead College in 1872 to the present time there have been Commercial Courses taught in this well-known institution. In 1894 Dr. A. G. Bugbee, in addition to a donation of \$1000 toward the liquidation of a standing debt, handed over a beautiful residence of ample dimensions, and the sum of \$4000, to move it about a mile across the fields to the position which it now holds on the Stanstead College campus. The new annex was to be called "Bugbee Commercial College" and was to serve as a fitting memorial for both Dr. and Mrs. Bugbee. In addition to this generous gift Dr. Bugbee later in his will, bequeathed \$30,000 to assure the continuance of this worthy business training school. During those many decades thousands of young men and

women have been fitted for business life and today rise up and call this generous benefactor, blessed. Many of those graduates have distinguished themselves in the business world; so much so, that a story of their careers would make most interesting reading. Despite the difficulties these days in securing positions, a goodly number of students will graduate in June of this year from good old B. B. C. and most of them with the added distinction of having honours (90% or more) attached to their diplomas. We trust the good work done in the past may be continued for many years to come and leave no shadow of a doubt as to the wisdom of the investment made nearly half a century ago by that generous benefactor, the late Dr. A. G. Bugbee.



## THE BUGBEE LITERARY SOCIETY

It is 3.15, Friday afternoon, so let us take a peek in to the main room of Bugbee Business College. Say, who do those teachers think they are anyway, running a Business College in this way? As the 3.15 bell goes everyone suddenly stops typing, the bookkeeping class put their books away, and even Mr. Mark seems to have lost control of his shorthand class, for they suddenly barge into the main room and take up their seats as if they were preparing to be dismissed for the day; and what does that fellow they call Dick think he is trying to hatch up with Bernie? Now they are reading a magazine . . . what did I hear of a joke, and a "One Lung"? It still looks confused, but I guess it is some kind of a political meeting, at least that person at the big desk seems to be well prepared to act the part of chairman, and, oh yes, there is the secretary. First, the minutes of the last meeting are read, then the business part of the meeting comes around, and we hear talk of speeches for the next week . . . Oh, I get it. It's a literary society!

Yes, that is just what does go on in Bugbee every Friday afternoon, and it can be quite easily understood why a casual observer would think that the teachers had, for the time, lost complete control, for they are taking seats at the back of the room, and letting the students run the show. But it is all quite the proper thing, for this is the weekly meeting of the Bugbee Literary Society, and it is totally run by the students. "A waste of time?" I guess not! What is a college for if it is not for the purpose of teaching the students how to handle the various problems that arise in after life? And that is just what the Literary Society does.

Each term new students are elected for the various offices in the Society, so that nearly everyone in the Business College has a chance to act as an officer at some time or other. The meetings are carried out according to regular parliamentary procedure, so that when we leave Bugbee, we will all know how to conduct a meeting properly.

The weekly programs vary, and are arranged by a program convener. The primary aim of the society, however, is to train the students in the art of public speaking and debating, and it is interesting to watch the various members improve as the year goes on. For instance, a person who found it difficult to even read before the class at the first of the year, is able to give a short address with very little difficulty at the close of the year.

Debates are often held, and from those who have debated, two are picked by the students to represent the class in the interclass contest. The class which wins this debate receives the John T. Hackett Debating Trophy. This year, as a result of the Literary Society, Bugbee Business College was successful in winning the cup.

And we must not forget our weekly paper, the "One Lung" which deals with both the sublime and ridiculous. Regardless of name, this paper is anything but consumptive. From it we learn the leading current events of the week.

It is the Literary Society which arranges for any social activities carried on by the Business College. The major social event being the "Bugbee At Home," which was held this year on March 2.

Yes, the Literary Society is in every way one of the highlights of Bugbee Business College, and those who have taken an active part in it all agree, that they have benefited much from it.

## B. B. C. "At Home"

The highlight of the season was the Bugbee "At Home," which was held on March 2, 1940. The reception room was attractively decorated with cedar boughs, balloons, and red and white streamers.

Assisting Mr. J. D. McFadyen on the Reception Committee were: Betty Blanchard, Roxie McFadyen, Frances Shipway, Mr. Jeff Mark, Robert Johnston, and Dick Aboud.

A pleasing programme of music, alternating with promenades and dances, was much enjoyed. Miss Betty Blanchard gave the word of welcome and Robert Johnston was the Master of Ceremonies.

There were two vocal selections by the A. B. C. M. quartet of young ladies; a vocal solo, by Bill Gould; and a piano solo, by Marcelle Mercure. The outstanding entertaining feature of the programme was a reading by Mrs. F. Kennerson of Newport, who held her audience spell-bound by her most graphic description of a horse race, after which she graciously responded with an impersonation of a little boy.

A delicious lunch was served by the refreshment committee.

A word of appreciation on the part of the guests was expressed by Bill Veit, and an enjoyable evening came to a close at 11.30 p.m. with the singing of the two National Anthems.





**HARRIET "Betty" BLANCHARD**

Newport, Vt.  
Born: Januarw 10, 1920.  
Charac.: Clever but coy.  
Hobby: Playing Mother to the girls, and organ grinder.  
Fav. Occ.: Teaching the teacher.  
Ambition: To follow the artillery.  
Pastime: Drinking (water).

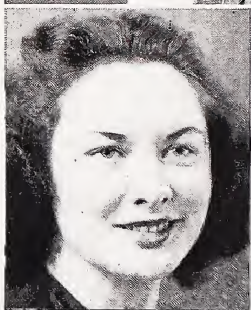
BETTY BLANCHARD likes to bake,  
Her special treat is "Johnny cake";  
And last year, so I've heard it said,  
She went for colours, especially "Red."



**DICK "Biffer" ABOUD**

Three Rivers, Que.  
Born: February 1, 1922.  
Hobby: Records and skipping football.  
Charac.: Care-free, sincere but misleading.  
Pet Aver.: Combing his hair.  
Ambition: To get Hitler.  
Activities: Basketball, Dramatics, Tennis, Mag. Board, Lit. Society, Fencing.

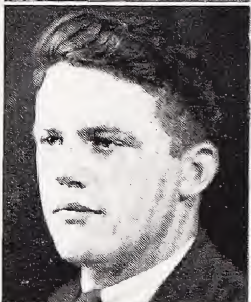
DICK's the guy with goo-goo eyes  
He sits up there, just looking wise,  
For him we turned a "One Lung" fan  
He'd sure love Bugbee, *minus* Anne.



**BIRDIE "Snookes" THORNBURY**

Glenarm, Ont.  
Born: November 19, 1922.  
Ambition: To take Grade 7.  
Fav. Occ.: Playing captain of Boys' Basketball team.  
Charac.: Pleasant and plump.  
Activities: Lit. Society, Basketball, Hockey, Track, Softball.

BIRDIE's very, very quiet  
But when she's funny, she's a riot;  
A thing to her that would be heaven  
Is to be a pupil in Grade Seven.



**HAROLD "Porkle-fin" ASTLE**

Metis Beach, Que.  
Born: July 5, 1922.  
Charac.: Happy-go-Lucky.  
Ambit.: To make "Fanny" fall.  
Past.: Visiting "Candy's" house.  
Activities: Senior Hockey, Football, Track.

HAROLD ASTLE met a girl  
Who led him in a merry whirl;  
He didn't know where he was at  
And so gave up, and that was that.



**MARCELLE "Shorty" MERCURE**

Drummondville, Que.  
Born: September 24, 1923.  
Charac.: Simple and sweet, but beware!  
Fav. Occ.: Finding them and fooling them.  
Ambition: To meet the right man.  
Activities: Piano, Basketball, Skiing, Skating.

MARCELLE is our shy French girl,  
Who leads the guys a merry whirl,  
Her newest sport right now is Joe-king  
For this to last, we all are hoping.



**BERNARD "Mildew" BROCK**

Stanstead  
Born: August 8, 1919.  
Fav. Occ.: Driving girls home.  
Ambition: To go out with same girl twice.  
Charac.: Jolly-Jelly-Joy.  
Pet Aver.: Three in the front seat of the car.  
Activities: Photography, music.

BERNIE is our camera man  
For he takes shots when'er he can,  
He drives a Ford all over town,  
If you're in his way, he'll *mow ya' down*.





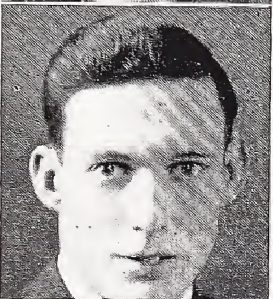
**ROBERT "Bob" JOHNSTON**  
Black Cape, Que.  
Born: November 22, 1919.  
Ambition: Build a farm out west for ??  
Charac.: Lov'in Bugbee.  
Activities: Lit. Society, Treasure of Athletic Asso., Seicl, Class Debates.

BOB thinks he's just the cat's meow  
As he sits up there to teach them how,  
And you never, never see him bored  
For a beautiful blond is his reward.



**MARGARET "Marg" WADLEIGH** Stanstead, Que.  
Born: October 23, 1920.  
Ambition: Making a public appearance with S—?  
Charac.: Tardy and gum chewer.  
Hobby: Running a Ford.

MARGARET seems to be quite snooty  
And SAMMY is her "Sweet Patooty";  
Her only fault is getting stuck  
So from now on we wish her luck.



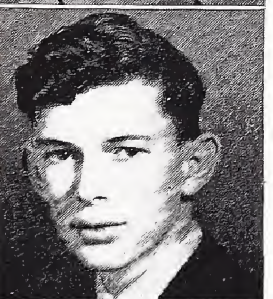
**EDGAR "Joe" McLELLAN**  
Caplin River, Que.  
Born: August 12, 1920.  
Ambition: Any job.  
Pastime: Going to Newport.  
Fav. Occ.: Taking French lessons

LeBreton's pal is good old "JOE",  
Never hurries, but's never slow;  
You never see the two apart  
Cause they're always talking heart to heart.



**ROXIE JEAN McFADYEN**  
Juniata, Sask.  
Ambition: To marry a "bobby."  
Charac.: Being agreeable.  
Hobby: Playing secretary.  
Activities: Hockey, Softball, Lit. Society.

ROXIE's always on the job  
She's hardly ever without her "Bob";  
You often see her with J. D.  
As they walk downtown, the sights to see.



**DALTON "Toothpick" DOWNING** Stanstead  
Born: June 10, 1921.  
Charac.: Slow but sure.  
Pet Aver.: Talkative women.  
Ambition: To quit loafing.  
Activities: Tennis and Skiing.

BUDDY DOWNING is no one's fool,  
His pet aversion is going to school;  
For a certain "Anne" he chanced to fall  
His objective now is Montreal.



**VIOLET "Smiles" WEBSTER**  
Rock Island, Que.  
Born: February 11, 1922.  
Ambition: Put on weight and height.  
Charac.: Benign and unruffled expression.  
Fav. Occ.: Combing her hair.  
Pastime: French Classes.

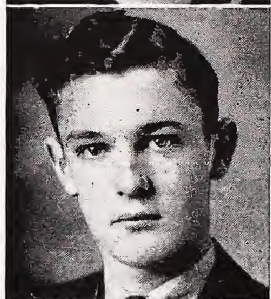
VIOLET WEBSTER floats around  
Here and there without a sound;  
We really haven't much on Vie  
As she's not the type to tell a lie.



**HELEN "Biff" MARK**

Medstead, Sask.  
 Born: May 30, 1923.  
 Charac.: Guess What!  
 Ambition: To teach Fred Astaire  
 a few steps!  
 Fav. Occ.: Putting on weight.  
 Activities: Basketball, Softball,  
 Hockey, Lit. Society.

HELEN MARK just loves to dance  
 And when with Dick, they really prance;  
 She now prefers a different name  
 Than the one she liked when she was "t'hame!"

**HAROLD "Popeye"**

LeBRETON Paspebiac, Que.  
 Born: January 19, 1923.  
 Ambition: To tell a story with-  
 out breaking the ninth com-  
 mandment.  
 Fav. Occ.: To brag about the  
 British.  
 Charac.: Fish.  
 Activities: House League Hoc-  
 key, Basketball, Track.

LEBRETON comes from the Gaspé coast  
 And of all the girls, he likes the most—  
 The damsel's name, I think is *Dot*  
 For she's the one that hit the spot!

**FRANCES "Fanny" SHIPWAY**

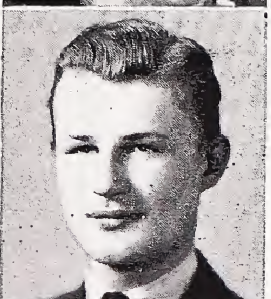
Stanstead, Que.  
 Born: July 28, 1922.  
 Charac.: Bombshell of Stanstead.  
 Ambition: To beat Helen.  
 Pastime: Tickling the ivories.  
 Fav. Occ.: Coming early to school.

FANNY SHIPWAY fell for Hal  
 When he only meant to be a pal;  
 So to get over the little spree  
 She started typing for J. D.

**HILDA "Twipsy" LANE**

Stanstead  
 Born: August 25, 1922.  
 Ambit.: Secretary to a "tommy".  
 Fav. Occ.: Playing the typewriter  
 Charac.: Spitfire, vivacious lady.  
 Activities: Cor. Sec. of Literary  
 Society.

And at the end comes HILDA LANE,  
 For this, her poetry's to blame,  
 At an "Underwood" she sits all day  
 But often takes time out to play.

**FRED "Killer" CLARK**

Montreal, Que.  
 Born: May 22, 1922.  
 Charac.: Slick.  
 Ambition: Have two kids named  
 "Allan-Bea."  
 Fav. Occ.: Making a racket.  
 Activities: Sr. Football and Hoc-  
 key, Track Mgr., and Students  
 Council.

FRED CLARK is a sort of stranger,  
 He stayed in ten till he saw danger;  
 But he's "Gwenn" to get along O.K.  
 Cause "Allenby's" holding him at bay.

**IRENE "Renie" LEPOIDEVIN**

Stanstead, Que.  
 Born: January 23, 1920.  
 Hobby: Piano.  
 Charac.: Giggles.  
 Fav. Occ.: Roy.  
 Ambition: To keep her job.

IRENE is our little clown,  
 She'll make you laugh when you aught to frown  
 She giggles up and down the scale,  
 And makes you laugh till you are pale.



**FLORENCE "Flossie" CURTIS**

Stanstead, Que.  
 Born: Montreal, July 22, 1920.  
 Charac.: Heartbreaker.  
 Fav. Occ.: Helping everyone.  
 Ambition: Just to keep "Lanky."  
 Activities: Debating Team, Social Com., Hockey, Basketball, Softball, Lit. Society, Seicl. Athletic Asso., "Annual."

A good athlete is pretty FLOSSY  
 With light brown locks, soft and glossy,  
 You *never* see her cranky  
 For her *inspiration* is "Good old Lanky!"

**BILL "Willie" GOULD**

Montreal, Que.  
 Born: April 14, 1921.  
 Ambition: Sadly lacking.  
 Charac.: Languid.  
 Activities: Senior Football, Hockey and Basketball.

BILL, he is a perfect guy,  
 You *never* hear him tell a lie;  
 He picks his girls with lots of zeal  
 But the result . . . a dirty deal.

**DORIS "Toots" LUXFORD**

East Angus, Que.  
 Born: July 13, 1920.  
 Fav. Occ.: Growing long finger nails.  
 Charac.: Dynamite.  
 Ambition: Nab a millionaire.  
 Pastime: "Cying" and feeling sorry for herself.

DORIS is our biggest flirt,  
 And boy, can she dig up the dirt!  
 A line she's always handing guys  
 So now beware of "Luxford Lies."

**JOYCE WHIPPLE**

Granitville, Que.  
 Born: November 22, 1917.  
 Ambition: To fly over Berlin.  
 Charac.: Dogged and unquenchable thirst for work.  
 Pastime: Looking . . . pretty.  
 Hobbies: Dancing and flying.

JOYCE, she is our studious one  
 She studies hard till day is done,  
 Always at school at quarter to nine  
 And at quarter to four, she's "over the line."

**ANNE "Terry" MALLEK**

Montreal  
 Born: June 3, 1924.  
 Hobby: Boys.  
 Pastime: The usual thing (making an — of herself).  
 Charac.: (Censored).  
 Ambition: To find a pair of pants that will stick!

ANNE is a real sarcastic gal,  
 To girls and boys she's sure a pal;  
 Her jokes are very, very punk  
 In fact, Garbarino said they "stunk."

**HUBERT "Hippo" ROLLIT**

Knowlton  
 Born: May 3, 1922.  
 Fav. Occ.: Storing up energy.  
 Ambition: Sleep through one Bookkeeping period.  
 Pet. Aver.: Sweeping the gym.  
 Activities: Football and track.

BUD knew not the tricks of men  
 Till FRED came up and took his Gwen  
 And then he sure got in a fix  
 And for a week he carried bricks.



## Guest Speakers at the B.B.C. Literary Society

During the course of the year our program conveners have made it possible for us to obtain very fine entertainment. The talks that will make those programs immortal to us were given by such guest speakers as Mr. A. M. Bernard, of the College Staff, who gave a most interesting review on "Erehwon," "Erehwon Revisited," and "The Way of all Flesh," three masterpieces of Samuel Butler. Then again we have had the pleasure of listening to Mr. J. D. Ferguson, Manager Spencer Corsets, who engaged the attention of all to the very last word in his helpful talk on "The Demands of the Business World," from a practical standpoint. We also had Mr. Struthers, head of the Canadian Customs at Rock Island, who gave us an educational address on "Canadian Exchange and Tariff." Our own Honorary President gave us an enlightening talk on "Astronomy" and on another occasion an outline of his trip west last summer.

These talks certainly have contributed greatly in making our Literary Society a never to be forgotten Educator.

D. A.

## SON - BROTHER

Last night I tiptoed up the stairs  
And found my mother sitting there,  
Looking sadly at the trunk.  
She'd packed my brother's things, you know,  
A soldier gone to fight the foe,  
A laddie still, with spunk.  
And as I watched the tear-stained face,  
I saw it light with just a trace  
Of something grim, yet strong.  
For she had seen in former years  
The struggles of the loves, with tears,  
Who'd sacrificed for wrong.  
They'd given sons, and men and friends  
To fight for countries' petty ends,  
Awaiting them in vain.  
Who knows if they'll come back again?  
Or if they'll all be broken men  
Tired and worn and lame.  
We'll wait and pray, both she and I  
And trust in one Almighty High  
To bring them safe again.

FLOSSIE CURTIS. B.B.C.

## A HIGH CALL

[A poem dedicated to the memory of the famous Canadian poet, the late Louis Frechette, whose centenary was celebrated in Montreal on November 19, 1939.]

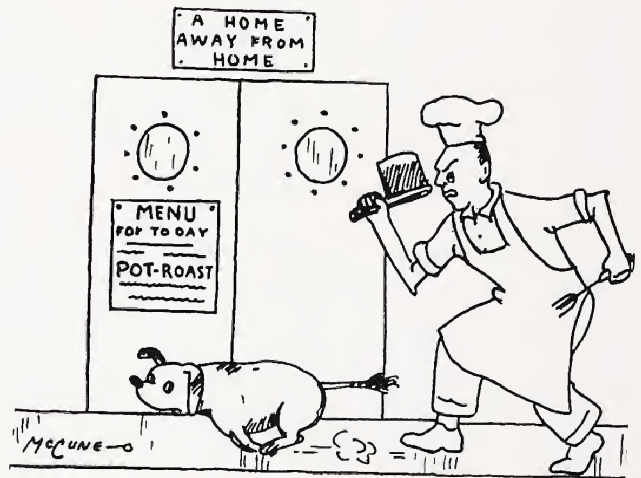
'Tis said, "The pen is mightier than the sword"

It shouts above the roar of cannon's din;  
So he, whom now we honour, raised his voice,  
That truth and justice over wrong should win.  
Poet and prophet of the dawn-lit hill,  
He smote the powers of ill until their fall;  
He roused the soul from its inglorious sleep;  
He broke the bonds that bound men to hate's  
thrall.

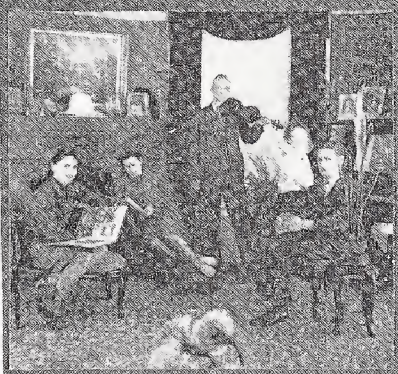
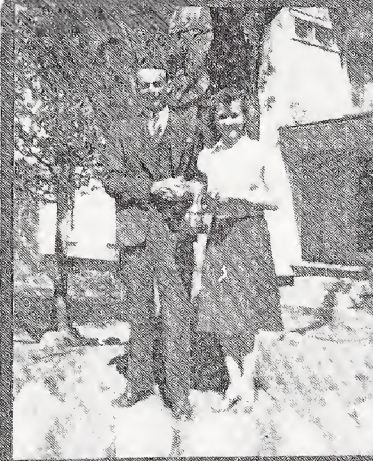
Above the petty things that mar this life,  
He walked the earth and made his path sublime;  
Then, freed from strain and stress, he conquered  
fate,

With lifting wings transcending space and time.

—Dorothy Sproule.





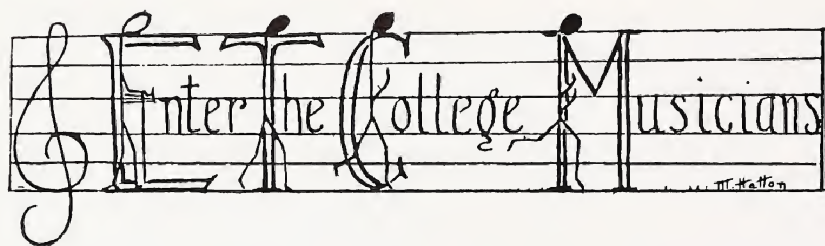


**B. B. C.  
SNAPS.**

1940







We have come to the end of another busy and interesting year. A feature of special interest was the inauguration of a music festival, held at the beginning of the second term, in which pupils of neighbouring towns participated. Owing to bad road conditions and the date set, other schools which were interested were unable to send pupils. The competition was intended to encourage pupils to enter the Quebec Music Festival which is held in Montreal each year. We hope that next year a larger number of pupils may find it possible to take part. Miss Jane Reid, a former graduate of the Eastern Townships Conservatory of Music, who is now teaching in Montreal, was the adjudicator.

The pupils have had an opportunity to play in evening recitals during the winter term and also in two Saturday afternoon concerts, one held just before the Christmas vacation and the other in April. The former was given by the Junior Girls' Chorus, Junior Orchestra, and violin pupils who presented a program of Christmas songs. The spring concert was given by junior pupils in piano, voice, and violin, together with the Junior Orchestra and a chorus of pupils from Grades 2 and 3 in the Model School. The latter part of the program consisted of southern melodies. Pupils taking part in the Thursday evening recitals were Joan Spencer, Joan Harrington, Gordon McGilton, Dale Stevens, June Abbott, Jacqueline Souaid, Robert Johnston, William Gould, Harold Moore, Birdie Thornbury, Roxie McFadyen, Violet Alexander, Marcelle Mercure, Betty Blanchard; in the afternoon concerts, Millicent Struthers, Gordon McGilton, Adelaide Kenrick, Beverley and Edith LeBaron, Douglas Robb, Gerald and Rena Hill, Roy Amaron, Patsy Bunting, Katharine Hall, Anneta Ward, Barbara Field, Mary Parrish, Alice Young, Adele Greer, Dale Stevens, and Eileen Turnbull.

On December 15, the Senior Orchestra under the leadership of Miss Peck, and the Chorus directed by Miss Winters, presented the following

program which was greatly enjoyed:

Four Pieces from Suite in D Major, J. S. Bach, arranged for String Orchestra by Charles Woodhouse; "Good King Wenceslas," solos taken by Robert Johnston and June Abbott; "Westminster Carol," by the Chorus; "Pastoral Dance" from "Nell Gwyn" Dances, Edward German; "Syncopation," Kreisler, played by the orchestra; "Bring a Torch," a vocal trio sung by June Abbott, Violet Alexander, and Peggy Bliss; "When the Foeman Bares His Steel" from "Pirates of Penzance," Gilbert and Sullivan, with solos by William Gould and Miss Pauline Winters, and as concluding numbers, "A Song of India" from Legend "Sadko" Rimsky-Korsakow; and "Czardas" from the ballet "Coppelia" by Leo Delibes.

The following Sunday, students from the chorus took part in a presentation of a pageant representing the Christmas story.

As a feature of Education Week a varied program by students of the College was broadcast over CHLT, Sherbrooke. Betty Blanchard, Marcelle Mercure, William Gould, and the chorus presented the musical part of the program.

Both students and members of the staff have assisted at Church services and social gatherings throughout the year.

Mr. Martin, our director, gave a very interesting talk to the choir group of the School for Leaders at Lennoxville on the exhibition of Choral Speaking work presented at the teacher's convention in Montreal last fall.

In November the members of the staff were invited to give a program for the Schubert Music Club in Sherbrooke. They were assisted by Mr. Hoyt of Derby Centre, Vermont. Solos were performed by Miss Winters, teacher of voice, Miss Peck, teacher of violin, Miss Clarke and Miss McFadzen of the piano department and Mr. Hoyt, 'cellist. Miss McFadzen's solos were her own com-



positions, a group entitled "Canadian Scenes in New Brunswick." Mrs. Barbara Bliss Martin was the accompanist for the entire program and with Miss Peck concluded the program, playing the Allegro movement from César Franck's Sonata for Violin and Piano. The instrumental trio, Mrs. Martin, Miss Peck and Mr. Hoyt presented selections from Debussy and Reissiger.

The second term was unusually busy, in February alone members of the staff performed at seven social functions.

A program of violin music presented by Miss Peck was enjoyed by those attending the social hour after the evening service at St. James United Church, Montreal, on February 4.

We were greatly delighted with a two-piano recital given in Pierce Hall by Mrs. C. M. Stewart and Miss Clarke. The program was well chosen and enthusiastically received.

Mrs. Martin and Miss Peck were soloists at the annual musical program of the Fortnightly Club in Newport on February 21.

The Instrumental Trio gave a recital in Derby Academy on March 1, ably assisted by Miss Pauline Winters, vocalist. The trio selections were chosen from Mozart, Debussy, Wagner, and Arensky, the final number being the Allegro Moderato and Scherzo from Arensky's Trio op. 32. The following Sunday a half-hour program by the Trio was broadcast over CHLT, Sherbrooke. On March 8, an audience in Pierce Hall were entertained by the Trio in a similar program.

The final recital of the term, an interesting program of piano, violin, and vocal music was presented by Miss Clarke, Miss Peck, and Miss Winters. Miss McFadzen and Miss Clarke were the accompanists for the evening.

The Model Assembly of the League of Nations concluded with the Church service on Sunday, May 12. The prelude to this service was Mozart's "Ave Verum" played by the College Orchestra. The choir, assisted by members of the chorus, sang two anthems, "Lord of the Nations," by Handel and "Come Lord and Rule the Earth," by Eric Thiman.

The concluding recitals of the year were the Junior and Senior recitals given by the students as a part of the closing program.

annual musical festivals. The success of this small beginning will lead up to greater and more distinguished festivals in years to come. To prove my statement, allow me to review the Vermont Musical Festival as an example.

In 1928 the first Vermont musical festival was born. Ten high schools were represented. Seven orchestras and two bands made a total of one hundred and seventy-five boys and girls. Two years later, in 1930, a chorus was added, that year it consisted of ten Glee Clubs. The idea behind these festivals was that each high school interested would learn the pieces given either for orchestra or chorus or band. During the year the students worked zealously at their music, eagerly waiting the spring when all the high schools would convocate in Burlington. This year the festival took in sixty-seven high schools from the ninety-eight high schools in the whole State. There were orchestras from thirty-eight schools, consisting of one hundred and seventy-five boys and girls, the chorus was composed of seven hundred and sixty voices; both boys and girls and the bands from thirty-six schools were made up of two hundred and thirty-five students. What an amazing number! All this in the work of a dozen years.

This year's festival was so large that it was compelled to begin Thursday, May 2. On this day the concert consisted of soloists and small ensembles. The music critic for the whole festival was Dr. O. Conathy. Friday's concert was given by the All State Band. On Saturday afternoon there were many programmes in different buildings of the city. There was an orchestra programme in one auditorium, band in another and Glee Club in a third. The Saturday evening session was the last of this great entertainment. The All-State Orchestra, directed by Mr. Albert Wassell, and the Grand Chorus, directed by Dr. Walter Butterfield — these were the cast for the soiree. The orchestra opened the programme with the "Grand March" from "Aida" by Verdi. The triumphant execution, perfection and pure tone proved the true greatness of this amateur orchestra. The girls' chorus also deserve as great praise. The boys' chorus sang their songs well. The orchestra again showed its ability in the Allegretto Scherzando from Beethoven's 8th Symphony and the Romanza from Haydn's Symphony No. 15. The most thrilling song given by the mixed chorus was the humming of the hymn "Fairest Lord Jesus" in which the altos hummed the melody, the sopranos

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On January 13, 1940, the Eastern Townships' Conservatory of Music initiated a venture in a Music Festival which will result, we hope, in an-



hummed beautiful accompaniment of arpeggios and the boys hummed in a soft staccato. Equally beautiful was the "Voix Celestes" by Alcock. The orchestra topped its victory with the Carillon from Bizet's *L'Arlesienne* Suite No. 1. An enthusiastic audience of at least five thousand filled the great memorial auditorium.

So you see how much speedy progress there is in music. People are interested and anxious enough but they need a starting push and, Eastern Townships Conservatory of Music, you have begun it—so go to it and keep rolling and may you succeed in acclaiming greater triumphs each year in every one of your forthcoming annual festivals. The E. T. C. M. certainly does more than its share in spreading music to eager listeners. In Rock Island there is a beautiful Opera House; it's a pity to see such a construction standing idle. Remember, of all the noises made in this world—music is the least disturbing.

DICK ABOUD.

### "TIN PAN ALLEY"

America's most famous composer (Etude, November, 1938) is usually thought of either as a hopeless drunkard, who might have done great things in music if he had had any real character, or an angel of sweetness and light, moving through a world that did not understand him.

Of course, both of these conceptions are grossly exaggerated. They are largely, ideas created by loose tongued musical high-brows who frowned on his music because it was new and revolutionary and who expanded greatly a few fancies and habits into degrading obsessions. Stripped of the mystery, fancies and ideas that surround him, he emerges as nothing more than a typical tunesmith of his day who managed to turn out compositions now immortal.

Stephen Foster was born on the fourth of July, eighteen hundred and twenty-six. At the tender age of two he was picking out chords on a guitar and at seven he surprised a Pittsburgh music dealer by experimenting briefly with a flageolet and then playing "Hail, Columbia," without a mistake. Later he became a more than adequate performer on the flute, piano, violin, banjo and guitar. At the age of thirteen came his first composition "Tiogo Waltz," and his first song, "Open thy Lattice, Love," at sixteen.

There are accounts of his playing variations on the flute while others sang his songs, which would make him a rather dignified pioneer of swing.

He was a sensitive, emotional boy, easily moved to tears, but was not a sissy. There is much em-

phasis on his physical courage, proved in rough and tumble fights with street rowdies. Contemporary portraits show that he had brilliant, deep brown eyes, thick black hair, a hook-nose, rather lantern-jawed face. Some Italian blood on his mother's side may have accounted for these characteristics, as well as for his ability in music.

Like most musicians Foster had to try his hand at "something useful," before he really decided on a musical career and so he acted as a bookkeeper for his brother in Cincinnati. Here he first tried to break into the ranks of a professional showman.

It was while doing this that he wrote his first great hit, "Oh, Susannah." With this song is connected the story of one of the biggest gyps ever heard of in a business deal. Foster was having a hard time selling his composition when George H. Christy saw its possibilities, bought it for a paltry sum, then calmly turned it over to a Louisville publisher named Peters with his own name on it, and with no mention of the real composer.

The song made ten thousand dollars for Peters! If Foster had secured this ten thousand, that rightfully belonged to him, it probably would have changed the whole course of his life.

Now most popular composers have that inherent naiveté essential to the production of successful compositions but equally likely to produce terrific absurdities. Foster was no exception. He contributed his full share of both. He drew upon his own experience or imagination for subject matter. "Old Folks at Home" is such a production; "Swanee River" is the name of an insignificant river in Florida. Foster loved his own home, and could express love sincerely and convincingly, regardless of names or places.

The origins of some of his songs are interesting. It has been proved that he did not write "My old Kentucky Home," at Federal Hill in Brodstown, although he must have had it in mind when the title came to him; nor was it true that his relative, Judge Rowan, the master of Federal Hill, was the object of negro grief, in "Massa's in de Cold, Cold, Ground." These stories are preserved for the benefit of tourists.

On the other hand "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair," was unquestionably Jane MacDowell, daughter of a Pittsburgh physician, and subject of one of Foster's tenderest and most personal songs. He married her in eighteen hundred and fifty, but the marriage cannot be called a happy one. They had a daughter named Marion, and then they drifted more and more apart. During one of their temporary estrangements he wrote "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair," probably his most



beautiful composition and more nearly an art song than any of his others.

A majority of people believe that Foster was unable to make a living by song writing and that poverty drove him to drink. Such is not true. For the next ten years after eighteen forty-nine he made an average of fifteen hundred per year which was indeed adequate in those days. Unfortunately, however, financial security made him lazy. All his best songs came when he did not know where his next dollar was coming from. He constantly drew royalties in advance and when he fell too far behind he would sell out the royalties in a group of songs for a flat sum.

Little we know of the details of Foster's later life in New York, except that it was unhappy. Tradition has long decreed that popular song writers die in obscurity. So it was with Stephen Foster. Still in his middle thirties, he walked the streets of New York, peddling his songs wherever he could, and spending most of his money in cheap pubs. His inspiration was gone. Only once did he flash back to his old brilliance and that was to write "Old Black Joe." It was his last really successful song and was copyrighted two days after Lincoln's election in 1860. From that time he seemed unable to produce anything above the average, and most of his attempts were pitifully weak. Wracked by the fever of malaria, he found his only bodily and mental comfort in drink, and the painful record of those final years can be read only in his songs. His once fine and straight-forward sentiment turned into mawkish sentimentality. In the last three years of his life he turned out nearly a hundred compositions, none of them brilliant and written in the most wretched of surroundings.

On January 12, 1864, in a Bowery lodging house, Steve fell over a washbasin in a fit of dizziness, and cut and bruised himself badly. Two days later he died in a hospital and was sent to the morgue; thus the greatest of American composers lay among the nameless dead.

Stephen Foster remains a typical popular songwriter, regardless of time or changing conditions. But, unlike most of Tin Pan Alley's output, his music is as alive to-day, and as universal in its appeal, as though his simple spirit had not been snuffed out at the age of thirty-seven. A popular composer becomes classic through the test of time.

and by that test the songs of Stephen Foster are established as unquestionable classic.

ALAN BOYD.

Both college and town were sorry to learn of the illness of the Director of the Conservatory, Mr. Martin. He has been at home since February 13, but we are glad that he is recovering and able to go for short car rides. He hopes to be at the conservatory before school closes.

Mr. Martin's resignation from the directorship of the conservatory goes into effect at the end of this year.

He studied at Perkins Institute, graduated from Coburn Institute, and is an honour graduate from New England Conservatory of Music. He also holds the honorary degree of Fellow of Toronto College of Music.

Mr. Martin first came to Stanstead College in 1900 before there was a Conservatory of Music. In partnership with Mr. C. W. Holmes, violin teacher at that time, he immediately began to build up the Music Department. In 1901 the conservatory building was erected and was opened in January 1902. Since then Mr. Martin has worked strenuously there for almost forty years—teaching and planning courses in piano, voice, violin, and theory, equal to the standard set in many large conservatories. The Eastern Townships Conservatory of Music has been affiliated with both Toronto College of Music and McGill Conservatorium and in addition, its courses are accepted for high school credits by the Provincial Board of Education. Many of its graduates are active as teachers of music, as organists or as accomplished musicians in their own homes. The work of the conservatory is widely known. It has exerted a strong influence for good music throughout the Eastern Townships. This influence is due in no small measure to Mr. Martin's determination to accept only the best in music.

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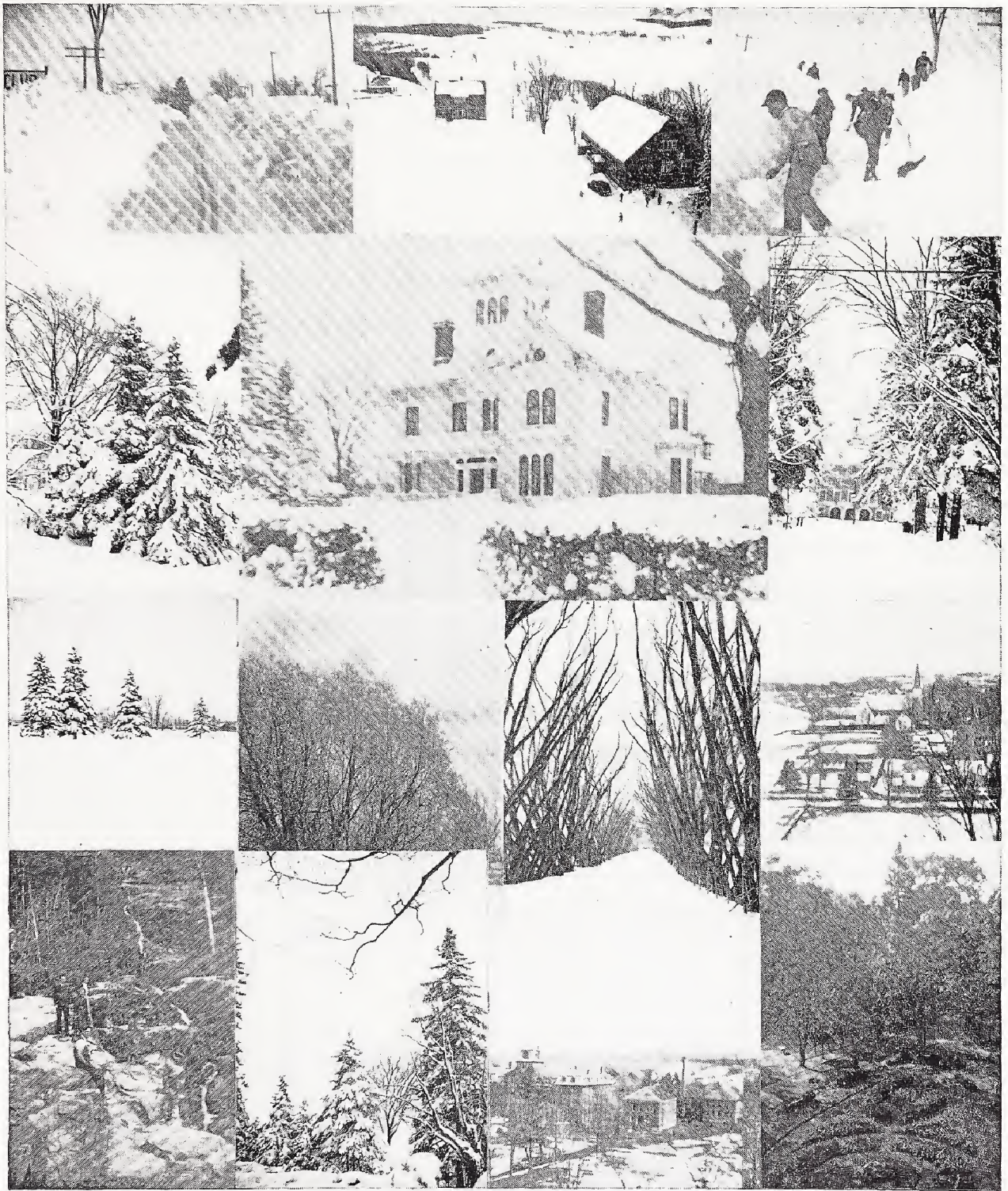
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## SOCIAL EVENTS

There is a well known proverb which says, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and this is why every school has its social activities as well as its routine class work.

Stanstead College is noted for its occasional gay night life. The opening of our social whirl, began with the traditional Freshman Prom; this was sponsored by the old students for the main purpose of getting students and teachers acquainted. It seemed, at first, as if everything would be a colossal flop, but soon the experienced "Old Hands" were on deck, and things began to hum, including the jumping jitterbugs and an occasional shagger. After an evening of entertainment and refreshments the Freshman Prom broke up for another year, but not until everyone had joined in the singing of the Alma Mater.

Now that friendships had been established among the students, everybody entered into the S. W. C. social life with enthusiasm.

The Hallowe'en theatre party and dance was the next exciting event. After seeing the weekly "horse-opera" at the local theatre, we made our way to St. Joe's place, where the "Six-Shooter" and "Our Hero" was soon forgotten in the annual ritual of ducking for apples and other Hallowe'en activities. The dance music was provided by Perk's famous Nickleodian. The party broke up around 11.45. "Witches" in the shape of teachers saw to it that the girls returned to the "Inn" in good order.

The next few weeks were spent in preparing for the yearly "International Night." The gym was transformed into a picturesque replica of various European nations—everyone dressed in costume representing some foreign country. All was ablaze with bright lights and brilliant colours. A

prize was given for the most suitably dressed person, the winner being Mr. Bernie Brock, our local camera fiend. Altogether it was a very successful evening; everyone carrying away with him happy thoughts.

And so the year passes!

Other theatre parties and social functions fill up the week-ends, until we hit another highlight, which was the sleigh drive. It was a perfect evening for such an event; the air was crisp and refreshing, and everyone was in high spirits. Boys and girls quickly found places on the sleds; and to the accompaniment of much laughter and singing of old school songs, we were off on a tour of the country roads. After about two hours of this, we returned to the church dining hall where a bean feed had been prepared for us. After our fill of beans and brown bread, the scene of the party shifted to the Inn, where Dorothy Gilbert's gramophone provided dance music. As the clock struck twelve, a rousing "Red White" signalled the end of another social event.

The second of March brought the Bugbee "At Home." This dance was held in the rooms of Bugbee Business College. The Bugbee teachers and students sponsored the dance and entertainment; everyone had a good time!

Soon after our return from the Easter holidays, our social life began its new phase with an event which was somewhat of a novelty, taking the form of a Leap Year theatre party and dance. To the delight of the boys, the girls condescended to play the male rôle, by taking the boys to the movies, and afterwards entertaining them at the dance. The dance itself took place in the boys' common room. Refreshments were served in the school dining hall. The party was very entertaining, and pronounced a great success by all.

This brings us to the month of May, which means a full month of activity. The first on the list was our 7th Model Assembly of the League of Nations, Delegates from 25 different schools were present, each school representing a different nation. The delegates arrived on Friday afternoon and remained until Sunday.

On the following Saturday night, the old students returned to the College for the Alumni banquet, which took place in the school dining hall.

It is with a note of sadness that I speak of the



next event, which is our famous June Prom. It brings to a close another school year of entertainment and fun at Stanstead College. In many ways this has been one of the best social years the College has ever known. The success of our numerous parties and dances throughout the year is partly due to the co-operation of the students, but still more to Miss Clarke and Mr. Bernard, two of our teachers, who consented to chaperon the majority of our parties. On behalf of the students I say—  
 “Thank you Miss Clarke and Mr. Bernard for your contribution to a successful social year.”

GWEN ALLENBY.

### THE WOODCHUCK

On February first we say  
 Tomorrow will be groundhog day;  
 That's when he comes out to see  
 How nice the outside world may be.

Back in his winter hole he creeps,  
 There he stays for six more weeks  
 For on that day the sun did shine  
 And all the world was looking fine.

Out he comes in an awful mood  
 And runs to the fields to get some food,  
 Watching with a well-trained eye  
 For all his enemies passing by.

The farmers hate to see him around  
 Digging huge holes in the ground,  
 But judged by the things he eats for food,  
 He really does the farmer good.

C. W. LAVERS. GRADE VII.

### COLINETTE ET LA GUERRE

Je lisais dernièrement dans une magazine française un article sur les idées de Colinette et la guerre, écrit par F. de Verneuil. D'après moi c'était très intéressant étant au sujet d'Adolf Hitler. J'ai donc pensé qu'il pourrait en intéresser beaucoup d'autres et que je ferais bien d'en donner l'aperçu. Donc j'introduis maintenant l'auteur.

—Je viens d'aller interviewer ma Colinette pour qu'elle me fournisse la matière d'un article. L'espionne poussa un soupir de résignation plus ou moins authentique mais, son naturel reprenant vite le dessus, elle eut un éclat de rire de bon augure.

—Je parle que vous allez me demander ce que je pense de la guerre?

—Tout juste, Colinette.

—Mais je n'y connais rien du tout!

—Cela n'a pas la moindre importance, Colinette;

j'entends chaque jour pérorer sur cette question des tas de gens qui n'y connaissent rien non plus et ça ne les empêche pas de discuter comme des vieux généraux d'armée.

—Ah bien, merci! . . . je suis certaine que vous les traitez d'idiots et je ne tiens aucunement à m'entendre gratifier du même compliment!

—Aussi, Colinette, je ne te demanderai pas de me parler tactique ou stratégie, mais simplement de me dire ton opinion sur un des personnages marquants du jour. Que penses-tu de Dodolf?

—Dodolf? . . . Ah oui, le pierrot qui a des petits balais sous le nez? Eh bien, c'est un sale bochon, pas autre chose.

—Un bochon?

Mais oui; un homme qui fait des bochonneries, quoi! Oh, bien sûr, je pourrais employer un autre mot qui rimerait très bien avec celui-ci mais je suis polie; je veux avoir des égards pour l'animal grassouillet qui nous donne de si bons rôtis. Pourquoi donnerait-on son nom à l'homme aux petits balais puisqu'il n'est pas mangeable? la preuve c'est que personne ne peut le digérer.

—Il y a pourtant des gens qui le prennent pour un génie.

—Eh bien, dites à ceux-là qu'ils ont une fameuse couche de peinture sur l'intelligence! Un génie, Dodolf? Alors autant appeler un gorille Cupidon et dire qu'une tortue c'est une auto de course . . .

—Ses admirateurs disent qu'il a refait son pays.

—Sans doute il l'a refait; mais dans le sens ironique et je dirai même péjoratif du mot. Un homme qui est "refait" c'est un homme qui est troulé et fichu en mauvaise posture par un plus malin ou plus canaille. Si c'est ainsi qu'on veut comprendre la chose, ah certes! il l'a bien refait son pays . . . en attendant qu'il soit défait.

—Il est vrai que c'est une belle canaille.

—Vous le trouvez beau?

—Mais non; je veux dire une parfaite canaille.

—Vous le croyez parfait?

—Encore moins. Une vilaine canaille, si tu préfères.

—Oui, un sale bochon, comme je disais tout à l'heure. Et c'est surtout un détraqué qui a eu le grand tort de s'estimer trop malin. En dépit de toute la finesse qu'il se croit et de toute la sagesse qu'il dit avoir, en menteur qu'il est, il s'est conduit comme une vraie bête.

—Une bête féroce?



—Oui, et ce qui est peut-être pire, comme une simple bête.

—Explique-moi ça.

—Ce n'est pas difficile. Vous voulez toute ma pensée? foi de Colinette, je vais vous la dire. Je n'ai pas la prétention de connaître les choses d'état ni même des tas de choses mais je crois avoir un peu de jugeotte, davantage surtout que les naïfs admirateurs de Dodolf qui se sont laissé prendre à ses mensonges. D'abord, Dodolf est un traître, un renégat!

—Pour quel motif?

—Pour la raison majeure que ce bochon-là a livré son payé d'origine, l'Autriche, à d'autres bochons; en cette occasion il a trahi, renié, menti et, comme personne n'a rien dit, il a continué. Je n'ai pas besoin de vous raconter ses hauts faits depuis Munish, hein? Eh bien, si encore à ce moment-là il avait cessé d'agir en bochon pour bien prouver qu'il était réellement désireux de la paix, il aurait peut-être eu des chances de se faire pardonner les canailleries passées et de prendre rang parmi les grands hommes. Il a été trop bête pour comprendre ça.

—Il était grisé par le succès.

—Mauvaise raison, car il a eu tort de se griser, surtout de cette façon-là. Il aurait mieux fait de prendre une bonne cuite mais on dit qu'il ne boit que de l'eau.

—Et aussi qu'il ne mange pas de la ratatouille de légumes, qu'il ne fume pas et qu'il a toutes les femmes en horreur.

—Vous voyez bien qu'il est complètement fou! Je disais donc qu'il aurait mieux fait de saouler les tripes plutôt que la cervelle; il aurait eu un simple mal de caboche au lieu de perdre la tête elle-même. Avec son régime de pas de ceci et de pas de cela, il a voulu jouer à l'homme supérieur et sans défauts; or, les hommes sans défauts, c'est pas naturel et la meilleure chose à faire est de se méfier de ceux qui prétendent appartenir à cette catégorie-là; ils sont pires que les autres. D'abord,

des hommes parfaits ça ne s'est jamais vu!

—Colinette, tu sors de la question.

—C'est vrai; revenons à Dodolf. S'il n'a pas de défauts il a sûrement des vices. Des vices de conformation; dans la caboche. Alors, pas de doute, c'est un détraqué.

—Tu es d'une logique impitoyable!

—Ne vous fichez pas de moi; vous m'avez demandé mon opinion, je vous la donne et je pourrais vous en dire encore bien de l'autre. Par exemple que, parmi le peuple allemand s'il y a des bochons il y a aussi des braves gens qui doivent en avoir plein le dos de l'homme aux petits balais. Ils se sont bougrement jiers d'en être débarrassés un jour, seulement ils n'osent encore rien dire.

—Parce qu'ils ne savent rien de ce qui se passe dans les autres pays.

—Sans doute, mais ils finiront par le savoir et vous verrez alors que Dodolf ne fera pas de vieux os dans sa chancellerie; c'est lui qui chancellera et qui se fichera par terre de la belle façon. Il sera foutu sans rémission et fera bien de se sauver, si toutefois il sait où et s'il en a le temps. Tiens, je pense à quelque chose . . .

—A quoi encore, Colinette?

—Je voudrais bien être la cuisinière de Dodolf pendant seulement vingt-quatre heures et je vous jure qu'il y aurait alors bien des vies humaines d'épargnées!

—Tu deviens féroce, Colinette!

—Moi? mais je n'ai rien dit.

—Je t'ai comprise tout de même.

Colinette sourit malicieusement puis, d'un ton qu'elle voulait rendre grave, elle déclara:

—Avec toutes ces histoires-là vous allez me faire rêver de Dodolf pendant mon sommeil . . .

Je n'en ai rien cru; elle était bien trop gaie pour ça et je crois plutôt que c'est Dodolf qui, au cours de plus d'une nuit, doit déjà l'avoir, le cauchemar.

Même tout éveillé car il peut voir une tête de bochon jusque dans son miroir.

GABY JOBIN.



# Holmes Memorial School

As a pupil of the Holmes Memorial School I have been asked to tell you about the events of our school year.

The annual School Fair was held in Ayer's Cliff in September. This is one of our most important events, and nearly every pupil takes advantage of the opportunity of learning to raise flowers and vegetables. The girls also cook, can, and sew, while the boys exhibit handmade articles, raise poultry and field crops; both take part in judging contests and public speaking. Over forty-five dollars in prizes was won this year.

International Night was very entertaining. This year all booths bore the Red Cross emblem. The Juniors helped in many ways to make this event a success. Part of the proceeds were given to Red Cross work and part to local relief.

Junior Red Cross work was done throughout the year. Both girls and boys knitted scarves, wristlets, and wash cloths for the soldiers, while the girls did sweaters, bibs, and other articles. Girls of Grades IV, V, and VI joined with the teachers and older girls in knitting for Finnish refugees. The Christmas calendar sale was the largest since the pupils have done this work, five hundred calendars being sold. Boxes of toys, books, and other things were sent to headquarters during the year. One of the largest stamp collections that we have ever sent was included.

Plays, special opening exercises, decorated rooms and boards, added pleasure to the daily routine.

The medical examination was held early in September. This has been beneficial in correcting conditions which might interfere with pupils' work.

During the year the special classes in music were continued. A recital devoted to junior work was held in April.

As usual several pupils are hoping to reach a standard which will give them Penmanship Certificates before the close of the year.

In a contest sponsored by the Rotary Club, Erwin Taylor of Grade VI, competing with pupils from boundary schools, took second prize in the junior class with his model airplane.

Additional grants have doubled the number of books in our classroom libraries.

Sports and gymnasium work of course have interested us as usual.

Two girls, Phyllis McCune and Betty Ann Henley, represented the midget class at the Ayer's

Cliff track meet last fall. Two girls will take part in the midget class in the Eastern Townships track meet. About fifteen girls availed themselves of the privilege of playing games after school under Mrs. Amaron's supervision. They played volley ball, basketball, softball, and ice hockey. The younger girls learned to dance simple dances. A number of girls skated on the girls' day at the rink. The boys' gymnasium classes were under the direction of Mr. McClintock. The classes teach the pupils to obey commands instantly. The exercises help the pupils to become supple. They played slap jack, relay games, volleyball, basketball, softball and they took part in six-man football and track.

During the winter months our town friends generously supplied milk and other assistance. To them and to our teachers who have helped us so much we owe our thanks.

LESLIE F. BLAIR.

## OUR CLASSROOM

Our classroom is quite an old one but it certainly is pleasant at times. I shall attempt to describe it.

The teacher's desk stands in front of the room with a blackboard behind it. In front are the pupils' desks. There are thirty-three seats but only nineteen are used daily. Some of the others are used for extra books.

There are six windows in the room, three on the side and three at the back. There is a cupboard in one corner and a bookshelf in another. The waste-paper basket is in the corner by the door, near the side blackboard.

In May there are usually May flowers and many other flowers on the teacher's desk, brought by the pupils. There are many pictures on the walls and several maps.

The curtained windows have one or two plants in them. The plant pots in the windows are covered with red and white oilcloth. Near the window on the left-hand side is our pencil sharpener, which is used continually.

The book bags are hung up neatly on a hook on the side of the cupboard. Two calendars are hung up, one in the front of the room and another on the side of the room. A geography map board hangs over the front blackboard.

GREW MC HARG. GRADE V.



## THE MAGIC STICK

Once upon a time there lived a lovely Princess whose name was Rosina. When her father, the king was on his death bed he asked a certain noble, Sir Roland, to take care of Rosina until she was old enough to rule as queen. In the meanwhile Sir Roland should rule. The noble agreed with this and said he would take very good care of Rosina. After that the King died in peace.

Many years passed and everybody loved the Princess far better than they did Sir Roland. In fact they were always talking about it. After a while Sir Roland became jealous. So he sent the Princess away to his brother, announcing to the people that Rosina had died.

Now this brother of Sir Roland was a magician. He took Rosina one day to a mountain. When they had reached the top of it, the magician called out, "Open at thy master's command." Then at once the mountain opened with a crash of thunder and a genie appeared who said, "Master, what is thy command?" The magician asked for the magic lamp. On seeing this Rosina fainted.

After she had recovered the magician ordered her to go in the cave and get the magic stick for which he had forgotten to ask the genie. The magician told Rosina not to touch anything on the way.

As she went through the long passages she saw all kinds of wonderful fruits and trees. They looked so tempting she could not help but pluck a golden peach. Then she went through passages admiring all the gold and pearls.

The magician was very angry, and ordered the cave to be closed up by the genie of the wonderful lamp. Thus when Rosina had gathered what she wanted she hid some things in her shoes. She located the magic stick and started back. When she got near the mouth she saw the door was closed and barred. In despair she sat down and cried. As she wept she toyed with the stick, rubbing it here and there to take off the mud. All of a sudden she saw smoke coming from it and she let it go, terrified. In the midst of the smoke she saw the form of the same genie she had seen outside. He asked what she wanted. She managed to choke out the words that she wanted to get out of the cave, although she was terrified.

When she was out of the cave she wished herself in a wonderful castle made out of diamonds

and rubies and all precious metals. Immediately, the castle appeared, very glorious.

One day a few months later, as she was looking out the window she saw a prince approaching. She threw a rose to him. He saluted her and she sent a note by a dove asking him to come and rest at her palace. He did as she had asked.

They planned how they might overcome the magician and Sir Roland. Rosina with the help of the genie changed herself into a darling white mouse, while the Prince changed himself into an angora pussy cat. That night the Princess went to Sir Roland's house and hid in his room under the pillow. When Sir Roland was asleep she crept out and gave him a sharp bite on the neck. She took a little sword and cut off his head. While this was going on Sir Roland's brother, at his house, was eating a sandwich as usual before he went to bed. Then the Prince, disguised as the cat came out and asked him to drink the wine that he held in his paws. The magician asked why. The Prince told the magician that if he would drink the wine the pussy cat (meaning the Prince) would turn into a Princess (which was untrue).

The magician drank the wine and died. When the Prince saw the magician had died he took the lamp from inside the magician's coat and went to the Princess' palace. There he gave her the lamp. She told him of her adventures and how she had killed the wicked Sir Roland. The Prince sent a messenger out telling that Rosina with the magic stick and lamp, wished the Prince and herself and all of the palace back in their own land where they lived happily ever after.

FARA POAPST. GRADE V.

## A FISH STORY

One hot summer day—it was about thirty below zero—while I was fishing from a canoe, I threw my two pound bait into the water and pulled out a minnow. So on I went. I was paddling about forty miles an hour when I hit an iceberg. It wrecked my canoe. Therefore, I took my minnow and climbed on the iceberg, where I put on my bathing suit; and with the help of my minnow, I swam to shore.

HENRY DEWY.



### PETER'S PACKAGE

Dorothy was going to a party. She had on her prettiest pink dress and her brown curls were tied with a large pink bow. In one hand she carried a tiny purse with her handkerchief and a few pennies in it. In the other hand there was a dainty little parcel all wrapped with tissue paper and pink ribbons. It was a birthday present for Ellen, the little girl who was having the party.

"I must not forget to stop for Bessie," said Dorothy. Bessie and Frank were not quite ready when Dorothy stopped, so she sat down in the lawn swing to wait for them.

Just then little Peter Manning came along, "Are you going to the party?" he asked.

"Yes, I am. Come in and wait a minute. Bessie and Frank will be ready in just a little while," answered Dorothy. Peter came into the yard and sat down beside Dorothy in the swing.

Just then Frank and Bessie came. "Did everybody bring a present for Ellen?" asked Bessie.

"I did," cried Dorothy and Frank at the same time. Peter did not answer as he was watching a butterfly.

Ellen's party was out under the big trees on the lawn. Everything was trimmed with white and green crepe paper and looked very beautiful.

"This is a birthday present that I brought for you, Ellen," said Bessie, handing her friend a dainty package.

"Oh, thank you, Bessie," cried Ellen, clapping her hands. Frank gave her his present, too.

Dorothy reached into her pocket for her present. It wasn't there.

"Here ith another prethent for you Ellen," said Peter. He never could get his "s" sounds right.

Dorothy opened her eyes very wide. It was her own little pink and white package. She was very sure of it. "Oh, that is the one I brought," laughed Dorothy.

"No, that ith mine," said Peter. He shook his curly head very hard. "I think it ith mine."

"Why, Peter Manning, that is not your present," said Bessie, who had been standing nearby. "I saw you pick that up from the lawn swing when you left our house. You give it right back to Dorothy, you naughty little boy."

Bessie's voice was quite cross. Peter looked at her and then around at all the rest. They thought he had taken Dorothy's present.

"My mamma made it for me to give to Ellen," he said.

"Why, Peter Manning," cried Bessie. "Why do you say such things? You are very very naughty."

Two great tears rolled down Peter's nose. "I didn't take it," he sobbed. Dorothy liked little Peter and could not bear to see him cry. So she went up to him and put her arms around him.

"There, there," she said, "I'm sure you just made a mistake. You see, I am sure it is my package for mother wrote my name on it. See, here it is." Sure enough, there it was. "From Dorothy Morris to Ellen Dean for her birthday."

Peter's eyes were very round. All at once he pushed his hand down into his pocket. Then he pulled out another little package. It was covered with white tissue and wrapped with pink ribbon. It looked just like Dorothy's package. "Here ith my present, Ellen, I think I got the wrong one that time; I thought that Dorothy's wath mine." Then how they all did laugh.

"I'm sorry, Peter," said Bessie, "I—I won't be so sure, next time."

EFFIE CURTIS. GRADE V.

### BRAIN WORK

Once upon a time in my younger days when I was up north in the depths of the winter, I was confronted with an indefinite period of starvation for there had been a terrible blizzard the night before, and outside communications were cut off.

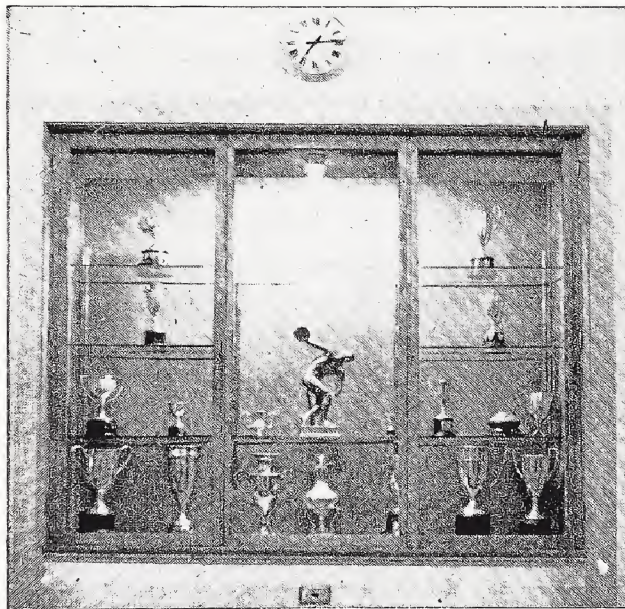
On my camp table was placed my favourite plant. Besides this plant there were left in the house only a few matches, some fuel for the stove, which I had made with my furniture, and two oranges. I was very hungry but rather than see my plant die before me, I fed it the orange juice, all water being frozen, and ate the peelings myself. I did this for two days for I had only two oranges. The third day before going to bed I looked at my plant to find little orange blossoms on it. So before going to bed I took an empty cod liver oil bottle and turning it up side down, shook out all the little drops adhering and rubbed them on the blossoms thus giving them the necessary sunshine.

Within two days I was eating oranges and giving some juice to the plant. Five days after, help arrived and admitted with admiration, that by my conduct and good fast thinking, I had saved myself and my favourite plant which might have been the only one at my funeral if I had not done some brain work.

—Anonymous.



# SPORTS







### THE 1939 FOOTBALL SEASON S. W. C.

The 1939 football season started with a bang, or rather with the gushing of wind from the under-trained lungs of the members of the squad, with the exception of "Gabby" Garbarino, the quarter-back "par excellence" of the 1939 edition of the S. W. C. senior football team. The team was handled by the experienced hands of Coach Amaron, who master-minded it to the school's sixth consecutive Eastern Township's football championship.

#### THE GAMES

After two weeks' training, the squad headed for its first game, to be played against L. C. C., on their grounds in N. D. G. The teams were evenly matched for the first four plays, but the Red and White began to roll, sparked by brilliant runs by Gould, Garbarino and Maitland, and backed by Sam Abbott's great kicking chore. Despite a decided lack of wind, Stanstead landed on the big end of a 36-6 score.

Followed a week's heavy training, resulting in another lop-sided victory for the College, this time over the Maroon and White of Sherbrooke. The score: S.W.C. 36, Sherbrooke High 0,

It is feared that these two victories arose to the upper stories of Stanstead's Saturday heroes, Monday morning quarter-backs or what-have-you. Lennoxville High were our next victims, but if the game had gone another five minutes it is safe to say that things might have turned out rather differently. The score: S.W.C. 13, L.H.S. 6. No credit offered to anyone but Lennoxville.

The next game was the Red Cross benefit against Lower Canada, played in Stanstead. Following a parade through the town, S.W.C. repeated their first triumph to the tune of a 21-1 win, over a much improved L.C.C. team. A lot of credit to Sam Abbott for a great performance.

The final game of the season was played at the Bishop's University grounds against the Orange and Black from Lennoxville. Due to the brilliant work of Maitland, Gould, Waterman, Garbarino and Balfry the local lads ran up a score of 36-5.

It is with regret on the part of the whole team that games were not obtained with Quebec and B.C.S. We hope that in the season to come the Blue and white, and Purple and White will grace our field with their clean and hard-hitting grid-ironers.



## Senior Rugby



Back Row—RUSSELL PERKINS, ROBT. McINTOSH, JOHN POAPS, JACK GAGNON, DONALD JACK, HAROLD ASTLE.  
 Middle Row — MR. E. C. AMARON (Coach), FRED CLARKE, SAM ABBOTT, "BUD" ROLLIT, JOHN GORDON, GRANT ROBERTS, ROBT. WEER, MR. D. J. McCLINTOCK, (Pres. A.)  
 Front Row—ALFRED GARBARINO, RODMAN KELLEY, DOUGLAS MAITLAND (Capt.), CYRIL BALFRY, BILL GOULD.

### *The Team*

Doug. Maitland, halfback — Elected captain, Doug completely filled all expectations. Turned in five great sixty minute games. Was a great bucking half and fine tertiary defense player.

Sam Abbott, halfback — The stellar kicking half of the Red and White for the last four years, turned in another great season. Played his best game, undoubtedly, against L.C.C. in which he scored all 21 of S.W.C. points. Sam should be going a lot farther in his football career.

Paul Waterman, halfback—Speedy running half who turned in a good all round game. Probably played his best game against L.C.C. in the second game.

Bill Gould, flying-wing — Probably the best running back on the squad. His tricky footwork and his sure hands placed him as one of the most valuable players on the team. Played his best game against Lennoxville.

Alfred Garbarino, quarterback—The fiery little Italian who is following the footsteps of his great brother, of the old M.A.A.A. Played his best game against the Maroon and White from Sherbrooke.

Cy Balfry, left end—A fine tackler and a good pass receiver as well as a good pass interceptor. Undoubtedly turned in his best game against Lennoxville, which resulted in a historic 95-yard run.



Rod Kelley, middle—Migrated from an end to a steady playing middle. Tackled and blocked well. Played his best game against Sherbrooke.

Grant Roberts, inside—Grant came to us from Pickering, and turned in five sound games. Blocked and held well. Played his best game against L.C.C.

Harold Astle, center — Turned in five good solid games as center, and was probably the main stay of the line. A great secondary defenseman. Played his best game against Lennoxville.

Hubert "Angel" Rollit, inside—A good steady inside, all 230 lbs. of him. A solid player for any team. Played his best game against Lennoxville.

Johnny "Newt" Gordon, middle — A hearty Scot, who tackled with great abandon, and truly a fine middle in all respects. Played his best games against Lennoxville and L.C.C.

John Poaps, right end—Although fresh up from the junior squad, John turned in an exceptionally fine season. Tackling was his strong point. Played his best game against L.C.C.

Fred Clarke, line—A steady player and a good blocker. Played his best game against Sherbrooke.

John Gagnon, line—Another junior who turned in some great games. Played his best game against L.C.C.

Bob MacIntosh, end—Yet another junior. Mac played a steady game. Played his best game against Sherbrooke.

Russ Perkins, halfback—Although the lightest man on the team, Perk proved to be a great tackler and a speedy runner. Played his best game against Sherbrooke.

## HOCKEY

Although the College did not enter a team into a league this season, five games were played with neighbouring teams. From this foray the College emerged with four victories and one defeat. Add to this the annual visit to the capital of our fair Province and you have the total games played by the senior team.

The first game of the season was against the town of Ayer's Cliff. Coming from behind in the second period the College emerged with a 5-2 victory. With this victory under our belts, the team travelled to B.C.S., where they were defeated by a much superior team to the tune of 6-2. Having now won one and lost one the team settled down to serious training under the able instruction of Coach McGilton.

Smarting under their recent defeat the College whitewashed Beebe 8-2 and then travelling down to Quebec they applied the same technique, trimming the Commissioner's 9-1. Although soundly trimmed the Quebec lads fought the whole sixty minutes.

Having not given their captain goalie Bethel a shutout that he well deserved the lads tried to apply the same technique as they had administered to Quebec, but one slipped by our stalwart goalie and the squad emerged with a one-sided score of 13-1.

With this streak of victories under their belts the players hung up their skates for the season.

The team was made up of the following players:

Goal, Sammy Bethel — Captain. Always alert, and a wizard at clearing the puck. A fine all around game. Played his best game against Ayer's Cliff.

Defense, Doug Maitland — That curly-haired lad that hands out a mean hip. Doug played left defense. Played his best game against Ayer's Cliff. Due to an unfortunate accident, Doug was laid up for the rest of the season.

Defense, Joe Jenkins — Left defense; Joe migrated from a forward to a hard checking defenseman. Played his best game against B.C.S.

Defense, Paul Waterman—Right defense; Paul also migrated with Joe to a tricky, and hard hitting defenseman. Played his best game against Quebec.

Defense, Sam Abbott—Sam, noted for his kicking in football, added his name to the hard hitting line of defense players. Sam played right defense. Played his best game against B.C.S.

Forward, Bill Gould — Shorty played brilliant hockey all season, is a whizz at skating and stick handling. Played his best game against Quebec.

Forward, Harold Astle — Astle migrated from a defenseman to a fast and tricky right winger. Played his best game against Quebec.

Forward, Gabby Garbarino — An all round player, Gabby proved to be a hard hitting left winger and a demon around the net. Played his best game against Ayer's Cliff.

Forward, Rod. Kelley—Left wing. Rod was always on hand to stop the opposing team from getting too close to our goal. Rod played his best game against Beebe.

Forward, Johnny Gordon—Center. Johnny always had an eye on the puck. Played his best game against Ayer's Cliff.

Forward, Cy Balfry—Right wing. Balfry, although never caught, was one of the best six-inch-



## Senior Hockey



Back Row—MR. L. G. MCGILTON (Coach), "ROD" KELLEY, JOHN POAPS, HAROLD ASTLE.  
 Second Row—"JOE" JENKINS, SAM ABBOTT, PAUL WATERMAN.  
 Third Row—JOHN GORDON, SAM BETHEL (Capt.), ALFRED GARBARINO.  
 Front Row—BILL GOULD, CYRIL BALFRY, JACK WATTS, DOUG. MAITLAND.

ers on the team. Played his best game against Beebe.

Forward, Jack Watts—Center. Light and shifty, has good chances of making a regular next year. Played his best game against Quebec.

Forward, Don Jack — Right wing. Light and

steady. We are looking forward to his career next winter. Played his best game against Beebe.

Forward, John Poaps—Left wing. John is shifty and fast. Played his best game against Ayer's Cliff.



## BASKETBALL AND TRACK

The first competitive sport that the College entered into this year was the Stanstead County Fall Track Meet, in which the boys' and girls' teams brought home the cup which has been in the possession of the College for a good many years.

Following are the winners:

*Midgets*—Relay: W. Pope, Young, Taylor, A. Greer; 3rd.

*Juniors*—High Jump: Gagnon, 3rd.

*Intermediate*—100 yds.: Bethel, 1st; 220 yds.: McIntosh, 3rd; high jump: Waterman, 2nd; pole vault: Waterman, 1st; Perkins, 2nd; broad jump: Bethel, 3rd; relay: Bethel, Clark, McIntoh, Hall, Jack, 2nd.

*Seniors*—100 yds.: Power, 1st; Kelley, 3rd; 220 yds.: Kelley, 1st; Balfry, 2nd (25 2/5, new record); mile: Jenkins, 1st; Forbes, 3rd; high jump: Abbott, 1st; Brainerd, 3rd (5' 6", new record); broad jump: Abbott, 1st; pole vault: Abbott, 1st; Garbarino, 2nd (9' 10", new record); relay: Power, Kelley, Balfry, Garbarino, 1st (4 min. 7 4/5 sec.; new record).

\*      \*

This year the College turned out one of the best basketball teams in many a moon. The team, consisting largely of last year's stars, proved to be a formidable foe.

Although the season was short the College came out of a nine game foray with five wins and four losses.

The results of the games are as follows, one of which is a second team game.

Dec. 9, 1939—S.W.C. 20, Derby Academy 35.

S.W.C. 20, Derby Academy 7.

Dec. 16, 1939—S.W.C. 29, Town 43.

Dec. 21, 1939—S.W.C. 31, Town 57.

Jan. 27, 1940—S.W.C. 36, Spartans 51.

Feb. 17, 1940—S.W.C. 36, Sherbrooke 10.

Feb. 24, 1940—S.W.C. 32, Quebec 23.

March 2, 1940—S.W.C. 35, Sherbrooke 15.

Mar. 16, 1940—S.W.C. 36, Derby Academy 34.

The results of the Junior and Senior cross-country runs are as follows:

Junior—1st, Jack Harrington, time: 13 min. 36 sec.; 2nd, Norman Mallard; 3rd, Emile Aboud.

Senior—1st, Joe Jenkins, time: 19 min. 2 2/5 sec.; 2nd, Bob MacIntosh; 3rd, Jack Harrington.

\*      \*

### *The Team*

Center, Rod Kelley—Captain. Rod was a handy man to have underneath the basket. Played his best game against the Spartans.

Center, Sam Abbott — Sam played a strong game in any sense of the word. Played his best game against Derby Academy.

Forward, Dick Aboud — Dick always had an eye for the basket, and was usually among the high scorers. Played his best game against Quebec.

Forward, Joe Jenkins — Joe always played a good passing game. Played his best game against Sherbrooke.

Forward, Emile Aboud—Emile is a promising player and should prove to be a star in the following years. Played his best game against Quebec.

Guard, Cy Balfry—Cy was a hard working, experienced, and dependable player. He was always among the top scorers. Played his best game against Sherbrooke.

Guard, Paul Waterman—Paul was a very dependable guard, and always a sure man to leave behind on an attack. Played his best game against Quebec.

Guard, Jack Watts—Jack was a newcomer to basketball, but soon learnt the rules and the tricks. Should be a standby in the next year team. Played his best game against Derby Academy.

Guard, Alfred Garbarino—Gabby came to the team late in the season, but played a hard game. Played his best game against Derby Academy.

## GIRLS' SPORTS

### BASKETBALL

Congratulations Stanstead Girls, Eastern Townships interscholastic basketball champions! Keep up the good work. The girls teams from Lennox-



## Senior Basketball



Back Row — EMILE ABOUD, JACK WATTS, SAM ABBOTT, MR. E. C. AMARON (Coach).  
Front Row—"JOE" JENKINS, DICK ABOUD, RODMAN KELLEY (Capt.), CYRIL BALFRY, ALFRED GARBARINO.



## Girls' Softball



Left to right—GWEN ALLENBY, HELEN MARK (Mgr.), CANDACE JENKINS, BIRDIE THORNBURY, FLORENCE CURTIS, DOROTHY GILBERT (Capt.), DOROTHY PRANGLEY, ROXIE McFADYEN, MARGARET HUITSON, JEAN COOK, MRS. E. C. AMARON (Coach).

## Girls' Basketball



Left to right—PHYLLIS McCUNE, VIOLET ALEXANDER, DOROTHY GILBERT, MARGARET HUITSON, JEAN COOK, GWEN ALLENBY, MARJORIE LeBARON, EVELYN BOUCHER, AUDREY NICKLE, LOIS CHADDOCK, MRS. E. C. AMARON (Coach).



ville and Sherbrooke High Schools formed a league with Stanstead in which Stanstead took the honors.

The following are the scores of the league, just including Stanstead.

S.W.C. 26	Sherbrooke 24
S.W.C. 21	Sherbrooke 10
S.W.C. 30	Lennoxville 10
S.W.C. 27	Lennoxville 18

Other exhibition games were played and the girls certainly deserve much credit. The fine defense work of Dorothy Prangle, Marg. Bedard and Vi Alexander, combined with the efforts of the forwards, Candace Jenkins, Marg. Huitson, Mary MacIntosh and others, deserved the hearty cheers of their supporters.

Mrs. Amaron, the coach, has reason to be proud of her work.

The following are exhibition game scores:

S.W.C. 30	Town 9
S.W.C. 22	Town 14
S.W.C. 19	North Troy 15
S.W.C. 19	North Troy 19
S.W.C. 16	North Troy 8

### HOCKEY

The hockey team, the best since a few years back, chalked up four victories and a tie for a good season's standing. The bullet-like side hot of Dot Gilbert and defense work of Marg. Bedard are noteworthy and combined with the efforts of the other good players, too numerous to mention, the girls were ready for almost anything.

They were most anxious to play McGill, but owing to a full schedule no game could be arranged. Many of the present team are leaving, so all wishes to newcomers are of the best.

The following are the scores of the season:

S.W.C. 2	Bishop's 2
S.W.C. 3	Bishop's 1
S.W.C. 3	Macdonald 2
S.W.C. 7	Beebe 2
S.W.C. 4	Beebe 0

### SOFTBALL

Hail Westerners! You certainly helped to make a softball team for the gals out here. Three westerners, Helen Mark, Roxie McFadyen and Birdie

Thornbury plus the home talent, Candace Jenkins, Det Gilbert, etc., helped the softball team to get on its feet and on a par with other outside teams; the two outside teams being Newport and Beebe High Schools and both victories for Stanstead. Also there were games played against the junior boys team and the lady teachers.

We hope next year will bring as good, or better material, than we have this year and that there will be more outside teams invited to play.

The following are the scores of the two games.

S.W.C. 30	Beebe 4
S.W.C. 19	Newport 13

### FENCING

Here's something new in the sport curricula.

Under the direction of Mr. Rivard, fencing is a welcome addition to the list. It had a late start, but it is rumored that next fall will find a large attendance at the "En garde!" classes.

### TRACK

Again it appears that the girls have upheld their end of the Ayer's Cliff track meet with honors. The only two events in which the girls participate are the broad jump and one dash to each class. This year the girls carried off firsts and seconds in most of the events.

Midget—50 yds.: 2nd, L. Chaddock;

broad: 2nd, L. Chaddock.

Junior—75 yd.: 2nd, J. Cook;

broad: 1st, J. Cook.

Intermediate—100 yd.: 1st, R. Alexander; 2nd, D. Gilbert; broad: 1st, R. Alexander.

Senior—100 yd.: 2nd, G. Allenby;

broad: 1st, G. Allenby.

Most of the fair sex are in favour of an inter-class meet, or an individual meet, so if there are enough track enthusiasts next year, rally round and get an early start on the project. Many would also like to take part in the E. T. track meet. about it, boys?

### TENNIS

We are glad to see the courts back to a good condition, and hope that this year's efforts will prove more successful than in the years following the fire.

The girls would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Amaron for giving her time and energy to the coaching of the girls' sports.



## Senior Girls' Basketball



Standing—ROXIE McFADYEN, COLLEEN MILLER, MARGARET HUITSON, MARGARET BEDARD, GWEN ALLENBY, CANDACE JENKINS, HELEN MARK, MRS. AMARON.  
Seated—FLORENCE CURTIS, EVELYN BOUCHER, DOROTHY PRANGLEY (Capt.), MARY McINTOSH, VIOLET ALEXANDER, BIRDIE THORNBURY.

## Senior Girls' Hockey



Standing—ROXIE McFADYEN, HELEN MARK, MRS. E. C. AMARON (Coach), MARGARET HUITSON, DOROTHY GILBERT.  
Sitting—MIRIAM WATKINS, CANDACE JENKINS, BIRDIE THORNBURY (Capt.), GWEN ALLENBY, FLORENCE CURTIS, EVELYN BOUCHER, DOROTHY PRANGLEY.



# Alumni Notes

MR. J. D. McFADYEN, Editor

## GENERAL

BAILEY, Margaret, is working with the Brompton Pulp and Paper Co., East Angus, Que.

GALBRAITH, Douglas, early in the year secured a position with the Dennison Paper Co., of Drummondville, Que.

LEPINE, Maurice, is employed by his father in Magog, Que.

VARNEY, Mildred, is employed on the office staff of the Kayser, Sherbrooke.

WALLACE, Rotha, is working with one of the best companies in Granby, Que., as stenographer.

WILSON, Phyllis, is stenographer with the Bank of Montreal in Montreal City.

CLELAND, Alan, has been working at Butterfield's, Rock Island.

NARRAWAY, Alison, is employed in the Navy Department of the Government in Ottawa.

WILKINSON, George, was taken into the Canadian Civil Service last year in the customs department at Beebe.

PELLERIN, Roger, works at the Union Twist & Drill Co., Rock Island.

BOWLES, Vera, is employed as stenographer with a leading firm in Montreal.

BLAKE, Christina, is employed as clerk in the Butterfield office, Rock Island, Que.

TEMPLE, Claire graduated from Sherbrooke Hospital School of Nurses, May 16, 1940.

MACAULAY, Anne, is still employed with the Oakland Tuberculosis Sanitarium, Pontiac, Mich.

SELBY, Lloyd, has been cashier with the National Bank of Derby Line for the past couple of years.

SMITH, Ethel is also one of the employees of the above bank.

MANSUR, D. B., was recently appointed General Manager of the Central Mortgage Bank.

CRAIG, J. A. M., was recently elected President of the Board of Trade at Prince Albert, Sask.

PARMELEE, Lea Tanner. A feature of the Macdonald College Convocation this past summer was the presentation to Mrs. Parmelee of a gold medal from the French Minister of Foreign Affairs in recognition of her services in promoting the French language and culture in Canada.

ADAIR, Rev. Cyril H. Mr. Adair is still pastor in the United Church at St. Anne de Bellevue where he continues to give valuable service to Macdonald College.

BELL, Arthur F., Secretary-Treasurer of Westmount will relinquish his office next June 1 at the age of 73 years. Mr. Bell was Bursar and Headmaster of B. B. C. 35 years ago.

PRANGLEY, Sybil, nurse-in-training at the Sherbrooke Hospital, underwent a successful appendicular operation on February 7 of this year.

SPOULE, Dorothy, Montreal, has recently received a gold medal awarded in a poetry competition held by the National Poetry Center, World's Fair, New York City.

HOWARD, C. B. The staff of S. W. C. Annual heartily congratulate Mr. C. B. Howard of Sherbrooke on his appointment to the Senate. Senator Howard was for many years chairman of the S. W. C. Trustee Board.

HALPENNY, Dr. T. H., in June 1939 was elected president of the Montreal and Ottawa Conference of the United Church of Canada. Dr. Halpenny was for four years Principal of Stanstead College. A later report informs us that Dr. Halpenny has also been selected as chairman of the Dundas Presbytery.

ADAIR, Rev. Cyril H., was recently elected Vice-President of the St. James Library Society of Montreal for the year 1940.

VIOLA ASTLE has been teaching in Rimouski, Que.

FRANCES SMITH has been teaching Kindergarten in Brattleboro, Vt.

PEGGY BROOKS (daughter of Murray Brooks) is nurse in training in the Montreal General.

JOHN MORTON is attending the R. M. C. at Kingston, Ont.

DAVID MORTON and GEORGE BATTEN are attending Montreal High.

DOROTHY STAFFORD is engaged in Kindergarten work in Montreal and is at the same time taking up her B. A. work with McGill.

MURIEL VARNEY has been attending Macdonald College taking a teacher's course.

NEAL MULLINS is employed with the Carnation Milk Co., Sherbrooke, Que.

"PAT" DAVIS has undergone a successful appendicular operation recently.

MAX VARNEY joined the Black Watch in Montreal last fall.

WAYLAND MOSHER has joined the staff of the Willis Co. of Montreal.

PAUL d'ALBENAS and NORMAN DAVIS are attending school in their native city.

R. C. AMARON has been appointed Supervisor of French for the Protestant Branch of the Provincial Department of Education succeeding Mrs. Parmelee (née Miss Tanner).

ADAMS, Dr. L., has been honored with a fellowship in the Royal College of Physicians of Canada.

TAYLOR, Dr. E. M. (Knowlton), McGill's oldest living graduate has won distinction both as an Educationist and author and is soon to receive the



degree of Doctor of Literature.

ERIC JACOBSON, 2105 Marlowe, Montreal, was the guest speaker at the League of Nation's banquet on May 11.

JOHN JACOBSON, 8 Midland Gardens, Bronxville, N. Y., is at present at Venezuela, S. A.

ALEC TRUEMAN has been with the Royal Air Force in England since early in 1938 and now holds the rank of Pilot Officer.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Dr. Geo. J. Trueman is making but slow progress after her accident of a year ago. Dr. Trueman who had an attack of pneumonia in the winter time is again enjoying good health which is very welcome news to his many friends.

PEGGIE LAMB has been employed at "University Settlement" work in Montreal during the winter and Barbara was assisting in the Kindergarten Department.

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### BIRTHS

To Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Marshall, on August 9, 1939, a girl, Mary Kathleen.

To Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Rivard (S.W.C.), a son, Robert David, December 26, 1939.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Gordon (S.W.C.), a son, David James, on January 2, 1940.

To Mr. and Mrs. Herman Stockwell, Montreal, a daughter, Ann Elizabeth, March 14, 1940.

To Mr. and Mrs. Morris Moore, a daughter, Sandra Jean, January 29, 1940.

To Mr. and Mrs. Don. Munroe, Stanstead, a son, Donald Frederick, April 27, 1940.

To Mr. and Mrs. Eric Jacobson, Montreal, a daughter, born in April 1940.

To Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Berry, Montreal, a daughter, August, 1939.

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### ENGAGEMENTS

COOPER, Margaret, East Angus, Que., to Kaj Dichow of Montreal, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. Dichow of Copenhagen, Denmark.

VIPOND, Fletcher, whose engagement to Ruth Simpson (niece of Mrs. Jean Holding) is announced.

FORD, Amy, Portneuf, Que., to James Wright, Quebec City.

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### MARRIAGES

YOUNG, Austin, Stanstead, to Caroline Galazzo, Beebe, were married March 30, 1940.

MACMILLAN, Rev. K. G., to Miss J. McDonald of Valleyfield, Que., August 26, 1940. Mr. MacMillan was a teacher at Stanstead College before he entered the ministry.

GREIG, Jean, Valleyfield, Que., to James Clifton Porter of Montreal; married September 6, 1940.

ADAMS, Arnold Wilson, Magog, Que., to Elsie Edge, late of Newton-le-Willows, England.

TOMKINS, William Lyman, Sherbrooke, to Agnes Fergus Dinning of Prospect Lodge, Little Lake Magog, Que.

SOLES, Wm. E., Chandler, Que., to Elizabeth Leonora Russell, November 18, 1940.

HEWSON, Margaret Rowe, to Sergeant Louis R. Dubuc, R.C.M.P., April 10, 1939.

STANDISH, G. Malcolm, Magog, and of the 73rd Field Battery of Sherbrooke, to Pierette Lavigne of Lawrenceville, Que., on May 3, 1940.

BALL, Henrietta (born at Rock Island) to Sir Frederick Banting (discoverer of Insulin), on June 2, 1939.

GIBSON, Mansel E., Stanstead to Doris Helen Mousley of Philadelphia, December 30, 1939.

FARLEY, Earl, of Rock Island to Dorene St. Thomas, of Oshawa, February 10, 1940.

DUBOIS, Anne Marie, Westmount, to Arthur Evan Cross Slater of Shropshire, England, on August 22, 1939. They reside in Noranda.

MACKAY, John Edgar, North Hatley, to Virginia Irene Keller of Melbourne, Florida, on February 14, 1940.

BRENNAN, Millicent, Westmount, to Alfred W. Lansdell of Cornwall, Ont., November 27, 1940.

RUDD, Marjorie Finette, Stanstead, to Leslie Eugene Colt of Cassville, June 28, 1940.

PHILIPS, Cora, Stanstead, to Henry Howard Slack of England, on Sunday, November 25, 1939.

LAMB, Martha, Stanstead, to Donald Holman MacLean on September 2, 1939. They took up residence in Washington, D. C.

BISSONNET, Molly, married John Charles Puddington, October 7, 1939. They now reside in Montreal.

PERKINS, Ruth E., daughter of Harry Perkins and Lena Channell (both B. B. C. graduates) to R. B. McDonald, R.C.M.P., in July, 1939; now residing in Sherbrooke.

PERKINS, Marion (sister), to Joe McFadden in July, 1939; now reside at Smith's Falls, Ont.

TRUEMAN, Alec, son of Dr. G. J. Trueman, to Miss Patricia Lord of Lincoln, Eng., last January.

\* \* \*

### IN MEMORIAM

HOLMES, Chas. W.—Aged 65; former Director of Canadian National Institute for the Blind at Toronto, died at Bingham, Mass., April 18, 1940. He was for a number of years director of the E.T.C.M. (See write-up elsewhere).

PARKER, John, died at his home in Quebec City on September 13, 1940, in his 80th year. An inspector of Quebec High and Public Schools for many years, Mr. Parker was beloved by all who knew him.

JONES, LeRoy H., of Montreal, died on June 8, 1939. An old Bugbee graduate, he rose to the head of the Employee's Department of the Bell Telephone Company.

GORDON, J. Lindsay (Air Marshal), 47 years old, died in the General Hospital, Montreal. Lindsay attended S. W. C. in Dr. Trueman's time and distinguished himself as an athlete.

ST. DIZIER, Falcott N., Massawippi, age 63, died on January 25, 1940.

BOYNTON, Mrs. C. F. (née Lydia Clark of Stanstead), passed on on February 7, 1940, at the age of 86 years.

DAWSON, Dr. A. O., President Canadian Cottons Ltd., and leading philanthropist, died recently while on a train near Toronto.

MRS. WATSON, a former teacher of S. W. C. died at her home in Westmount on October 18, 1939.

WRIGHT HOVEY, formerly a resident of Rock Island, later moved to Winnipeg, died May 26, 1938.

CORTEAU, CHAS. C., died on April 27, 1940, at Newport, Vt. He was born in 1883 and graduated from B. B. C. in 1900.

\* \* \*

Charles W. Holmes was born at Stanstead College, Stanstead, Que., in 1874. He was the son of the first Principal of Stanstead College, Rev. A. Lee Holmes. He lost his sight while his father was Principal of the College. Charles received some early education from his home surroundings, but went to Perkins Institution for the Blind for his real education, from which place he graduated with honours.



Following his graduation in 1891, he studied advanced music in Boston and finally went to Europe, where he studied violin in Berlin. On his return, he became teacher at Stanstead College in the Violin Department, where it was largely through his effort that Mr. Martin was brought to the staff in 1900. In 1901, a joint move was made for a Conservatory of Music at Stanstead and in the same year, through the generosity of the Holmes and Pierces, the Conservatory was erected and was opened in 1902. Mr. Holmes remained here until 1906, when he left and went to Boston in the employ of the Massachusetts Commission for the Blind.

Some years later, he accepted a five-year contract with the National Institute for the Blind at Toronto. At the conclusion of this contract, he returned to Boston, where he has lived at Bingham ever since.

"The only good luck many great men ever had was being born with the ability and determination to overcome bad luck." This quotation fits Charles Holmes throughout his life because he met obstacle after obstacle always with courage and fortitude, that was characteristic of him to the day of his death. He made his loss of sight only a stepping-stone to the great things that he should do in life for the blind, because, although he had taught at the college for ten years, he was most interested in his work for the blind in which he engaged after leaving the College in 1906, and it was his work for the blind and with the blind that particularly distinguished him. He was untiring in his efforts and many excellent results were attained by him in the study of the problems of the blind. Although, suffering from an incurable disease for the past 2½ years, Mr. Holmes has displayed a courage and a fortitude unsurpassed, we believe. He has worked for the blind up to a few months ago and his thought was ever for them and their problems.

He leaves a wife and son behind him. His son being a radio man in the United States Marine and his wife continuing to live at Bingham. Throughout all the years that Charles laboured for the blind, his wife helped him at every turn, and some years ago, when he opened the South Shore School of Music at Bingham, his wife and daughter, who has since passed away, figured prominently in the work of this school.

"'Tis human fortune's happiest height to be  
A spirit melodious, lucid, poised and whole,  
Next in order of felicity, I hold it,  
To have walked with such a soul."

—A. H. Martin.

oOo

The following S. W. C. Alumni attended the banquet held in the new building hall on Saturday evening May 18: Rev. Cyril Adair, guest speaker; Mr. Campbell Amaron, president, and his wife; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Amaron, principal and lady principal; Miss Mary Flint, secretary-treasurer; Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Lincoln of Calgary; Miss Edna Beerworth of the Record Staff, Sherbrooke; Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, Miss McKenzie of Verdun, Mr. John Sancton of the Gazette Montreol, Col and Mrs. Morrill, Mr. and Mrs. Knowlton of Knowlton, Miss Clare Temple, R.N., of Sherbrooke, Mr. J. D. McFadyen, Misses Frances Millay, Joyce Thomas, Hazel Rolit, "Babe" Smith, Katherine and Annabel McGaff-

ney, Belle Terrill, Anita and Teressa Laythe, Elsie McIntosh, Betty Hall, Margaret Allenby, Greta Henderson, Ruth Sherman, Mrs. R. Cooper, Messrs. John Rugg, Doug. Gilbraith, Bruce Kerwin, Norman Smyth, Archie McLeod, Bill McKinnon, Doug. and Dave Schofield, Ian Gilbert, Philip Poaps, Hugh Hill, Burton Hill, Ronald McCune, Thayne McGilton, Bud McKay, Roland Meredith, Bill Carson, Lloyd Bliss, Graham Barr, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Elsie McFadden, Mrs. A. P. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Rivard, Miss Peck, Mr. Jeff Mark, Rev. C. M. Stewart, Mr. Don. McClintock, Mrs. Wharham, Miss Godue, Miss Hutley, Miss Libby, Miss Altherr, Mr. Hackett, Miss Barbara Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Don Adams, Mr. and Mrs. L. G. McGilton, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. Rider, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Poaps, Mrs. Ruth Lamb, Mrs. C. E. Amaron, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Dixon, Mr. Will Curtis.

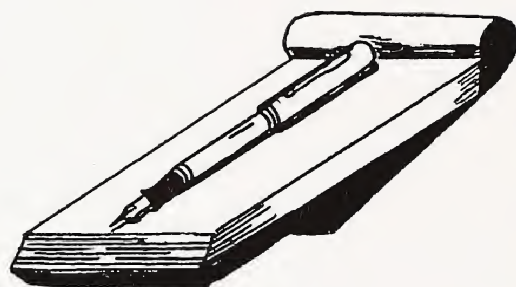
There were also present the graduating classes in Grades XI and XII, and Bugbee Business College.

\* \* \*

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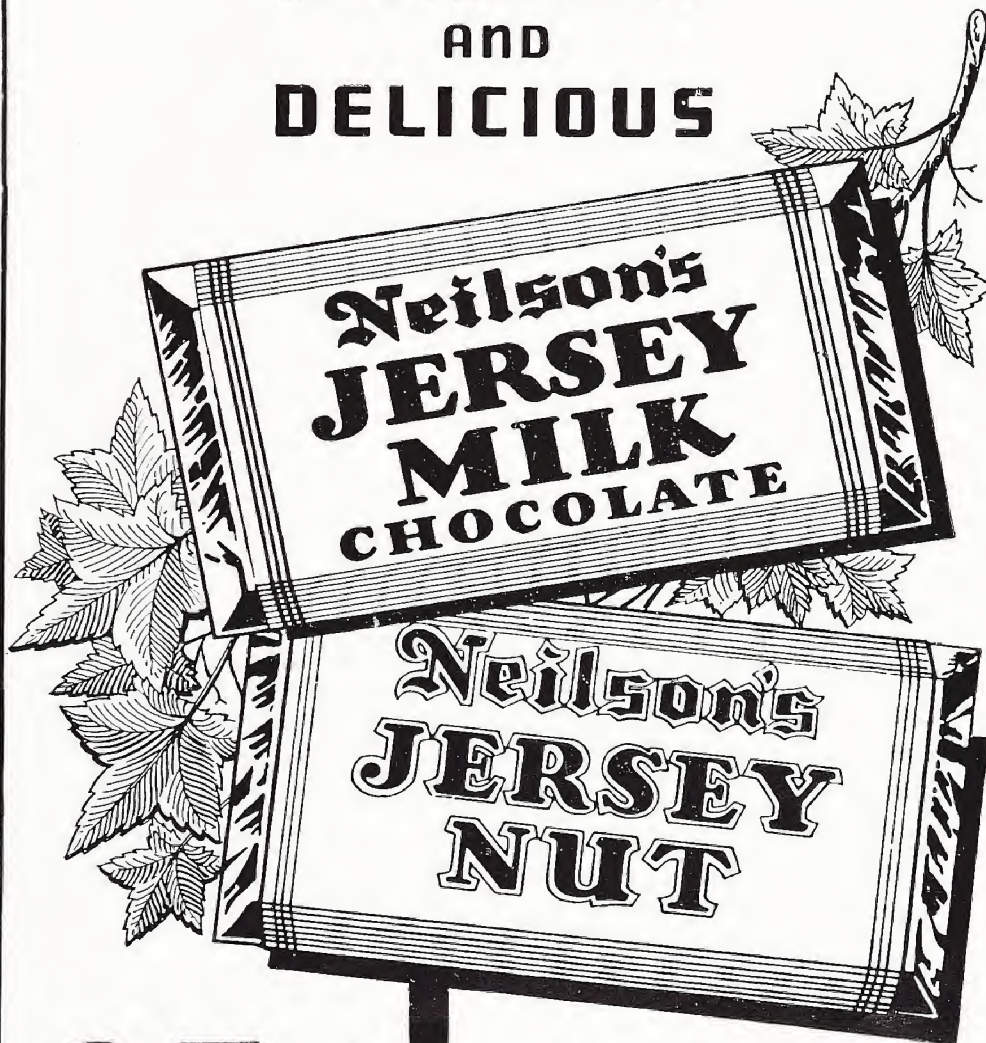
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Alfred MacKay, R.C.A.F., Montreal, Que.  
C. S. M. Edgar Fee, England.  
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Alex Trueman, R.A.F., England.  
Meredith Hastings, R.C.E., Toronto, Ont.  
Billy McKeage, R.M.R., England.  
Elwyn Thomas, R.M.R., England.  
George Belyea, R.M.R., England.  
Howard Humphrey, 35th Battery, C.F.A., England.  
Lt. David M. Legate, 9th Can. Fld. Amb., England.  
Jack Angrove, R.C.A.S.C., England.  
Lt. Ernest M. Carter, P.P.C.I.L.L., Regina.  
Charlie Seifert, R.C.A.S.C.  
Howard Seifert, 57th Battery C.F.A., England.  
Sgt. David Bindman, R.C.F., Quebec.  
Jack Stevenson, Provost Staff R.C.M.P., England.  
Donald Montgomery,  
1st Medium Battery R.C.A., Montreal.  
Bill Campbell, R.H.C., Toronto.  
Fred Harrington, R.C.N., Halifax.  
Grant George, R.C.A.F.  
Malcolm Taylor, 35th Battery R.C.A., England.  
Henry Slack, R.C.A., England.  
John Gilmore, R.C.A.F.  
Peter Thompson, R.N.  
Lt. Hector Lowe, R.M.R., England.  
Ralph Pitman.  
Elward Kneeland, R.M.R., England.  
Capt. Gerald W. Halpenny, R.C.A.M.C., Montreal.  
Clarence J. McGerrigle, Y.M.C.A., Montreal.  
Lt. Malcolm Standish, 73rd Bat. R.C.A., Sherbrooke.  
Clyde Curtis, 73rd Battery R.C.A., Sherbrooke.  
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Kenneth Flanders, 73rd Bat. C.F.A., Sherbrooke.  
George Copp, 73rd Battery C.F.A., Sherbrooke.  
Henry Webb, 73rd Battery C.F.A., Sherbrooke.  
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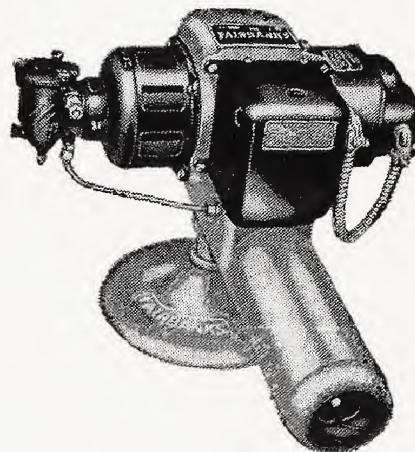
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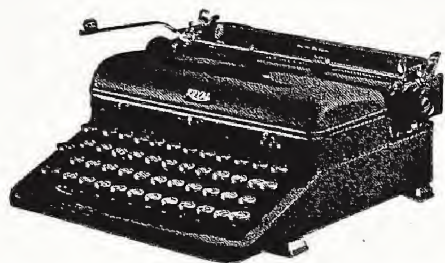
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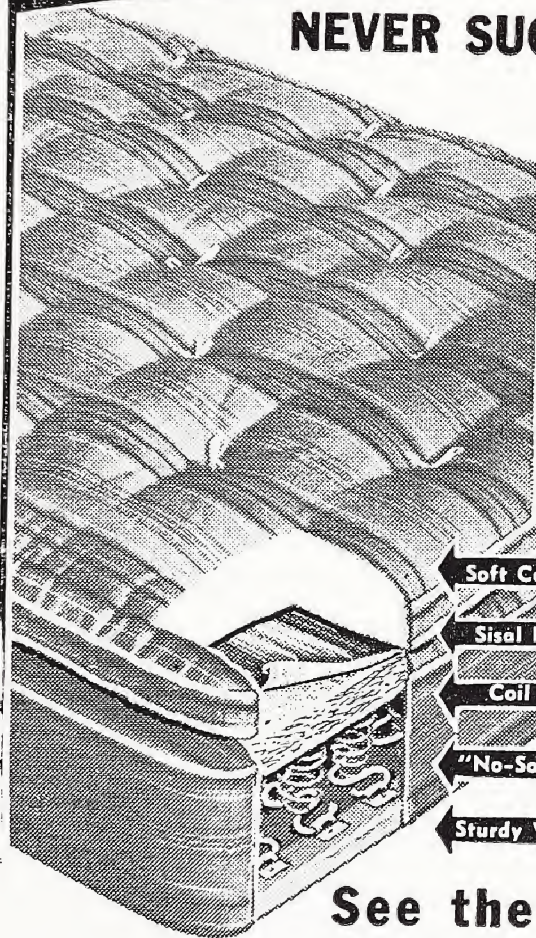
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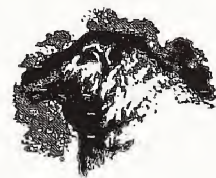
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